

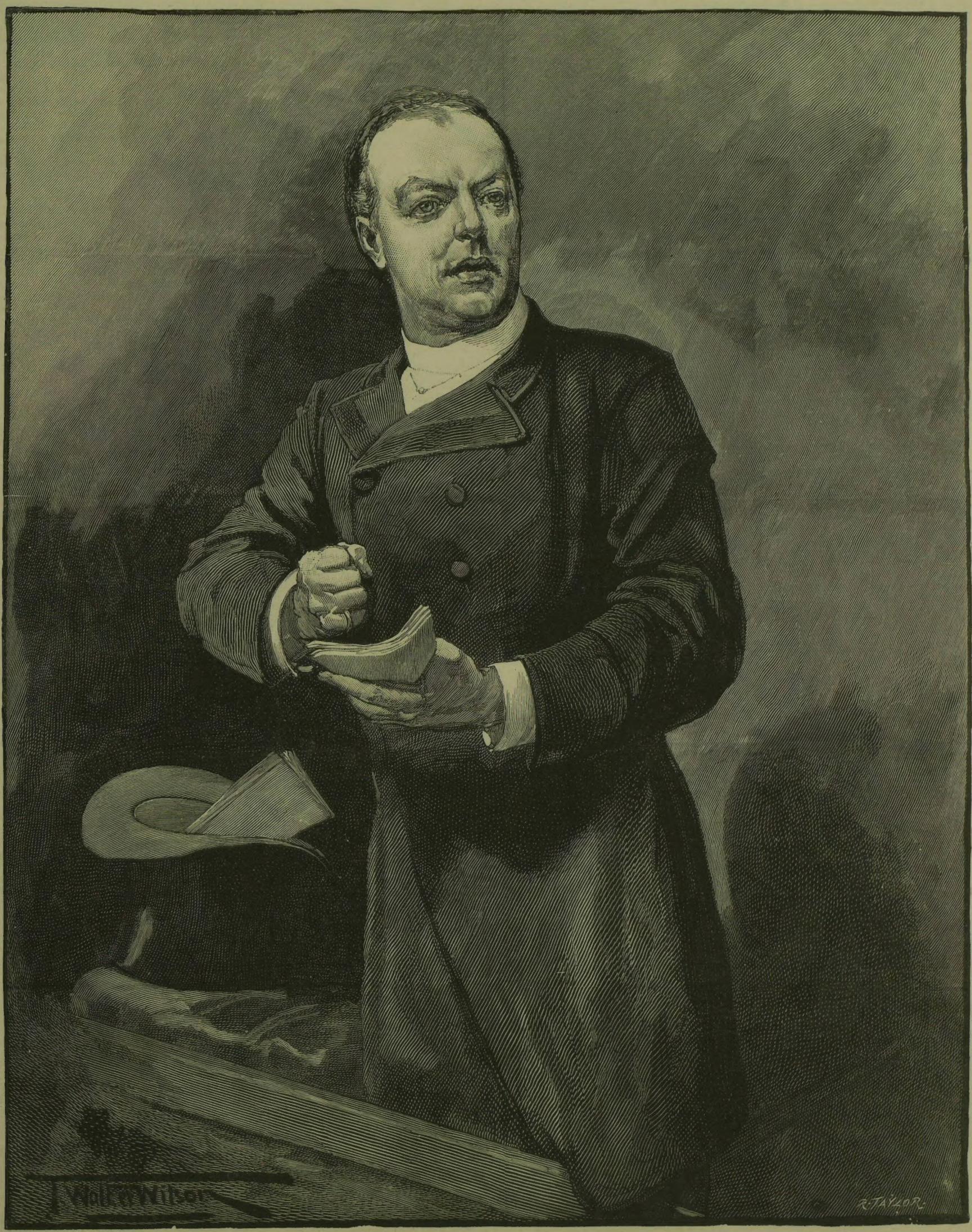
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6*½*d.



"The existence of the Empire depends upon the strength of the Fleet, the strength of the Fleet depends on the Shipbuilding Vote.... I maintain the Shipbuilding Vote is based on no policy, no theory, no businesslike or definite idea whatever, to enable it to meet the requirements of the country, the primary object of its expenditure.... I hold that the Government, which is and must be solely responsible, should first lay down a definite standard for the Fleet, which standard should be a force capable of defending our shores and commerce, together with the punctual and certain delivery of our food supply, against the fleets of two Powers combined, one of which should be France; and that the experts should then be called together and say what is necessary to get that standard, and give the reasons for their statement."—Lord Charles Beresford, in House of Commons, Dec. 13, on Shipbuilding Vote.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE STATE OF THE NAVY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

To the success of great national speculations which, although delusive, have taken the fancy of the public and become "a craze," two things seem to be almost indispensable—(1) that the promoter should be a man of character, with a Napoleonic gift of personal attraction; and (2) that the objects of the speculation should be a long way off. In M. De Lesseps and his Panama Canal, in Mr. Law and his Mississippi scheme, both these conditions were complied with; and also, though in a less degree, in Lord Oxford's plan of the South Sea Company. No improper motives, I believe, have been imputed to any of those three projectors; indeed, the character of M. De Lesseps stands very high, while he has given a proof of his ability for undertakings such as he recommends which is acknowledged by all the world. Still, the similarity of what is now going on in France with what happened there one hundred and seventy years ago is remarkable, and will be still more so if the Government (which, however, seems now improbable) should back his efforts as the French King (as he well might, for it put millions into his coffers) backed those of Mr. Law. That gentleman, having been made director of the Royal Bank, in twelve months "created" fifty millions sterling in new notes. The East and West India Companies (French) joined with it, and the expectation was that all the national debt (then at an immense discount) was to be brought into the concern, and the creditors paid in Mississippi bonds instead of specie. Perhaps we may see something analogous to this operation again, though there is little chance of the shares of the present undertaking running up to "a thousand per cent," at which point his Majesty discreetly sold out. The last fifty million shares were each split into one hundred, so as to afford an opportunity to the very poorest of benefiting by the golden opportunity; and, indeed, they might have done so, had they been quick enough about it, for the stock, we are told, rose, after that, no less than 500 per cent, and though it fell to 450 on the bare rumour of Law's indisposition, rose again to 610 on his recovery. The highest quotation of the stock was 1300! Its attractions, we read, "crowded Paris with strangers, so that lodgings could hardly be obtained for money, and provisions were at the highest price."

Of course it is very wrong to escape from a lunatic asylum when one's friends have placed one there for one's own good, but argument is thrown away upon some people. At the same time a patient may consider that his friends have made a mistake; and I can imagine nothing likely to make him more angry than to find himself in confinement for doing what others do with the utmost impunity. For example, a gentleman is at present advertised for, as having left an establishment of this nature without leave, "whose mania is to attend auction sales, and give large prices for worthless objects." This is not, at all events, homicidal mania, and may even result in benefit—to the auctioneer. I know several people—a most affluent and respectable solicitor for one, who shuts up other people (so to speak) like winking, when too eccentric—who are victims to the same delusion, and not a soul interferes with their liberty of action. A man who gives pounds and pounds for an "early edition" of some volume that he can get at the railway bookstall for two shillings—and often because it has some picture in it so badly drawn that it is afterwards cancelled, or even some ridiculous misprint—is certainly mad; much madder than any hatter—a class maligned so far as I know, and who only go mad when you don't pay them. I suspect the gentleman who is advertised as being improperly "at large" does not buy books; but suppose he even buys salamanders, for which he has no use: where is the difference? Perhaps he derives the same satisfaction from looking at a whole row of them that the bibliomaniac derives from his shelves of early editions, which he never reads and, I need scarcely add, never lends. He would cut your throat first; and yet he is secure from captivity.

A book called "How Men Propose" has, I see, been published in America, but not, as I well remember, without having had a previous existence in England, cut short by the threat of "an injunction." A more impudent act of piracy, indeed, was never attempted; and all the "Selections" and "Collections" made by those who make their living out of other folks' brains without their leave and license become respectable compared with it. It was nothing less than a collection of love-scenes culled from the books of living English novelists, and "conveyed" by the editor for his own behoof. I dare say he picked out the plums with the sagacity of Jack Horner, but "Horner's Process" (though meritorious in mathematics) is held in literature to be robbery. The American edition, as might be expected, is much "fuller," and includes the lady novelist's view of how proposals should be effected; but the original name—which was the only thing original the book possessed—seems to be retained. Indeed, unless in leap year, it would be of small importance to those seeking a social guide in this delicate matter to hear how ladies propose to gentlemen. What is wanted is practical information; and in "How Men Propose" we get it, alphabetically, from Mr. Walter Besant to Mr. Edmund Yates. Every male will herein find the style most suitable to his disposition—the patronising and the humble, the confident and the wellnigh hopeless, the pathetic and even the humorous. I am quite sorry that "copyright difficulties" still bar the book from the English reader"; but, on the other hand, it is quite possible for honest readers to obtain the information they seek from the works of the authors themselves, without the help of this larcenous production.

Mr. Dion Boucicault has published his opinion that woman should be allowed to propose. He "hates a privileged class, and prejudices, however respectable;" and "why an honest woman may not freely and honourably acknowledge her preference in selecting a partner for life" he does not see.

Selection, however, suggests possession—the certainty of acquiring what we have set our hearts on—whereas a proposal presupposes at least the possibility of rejection. How dreadful it would be for a young woman to have the reputation that some young men have of "making fools of themselves" after supper (or, indeed, any meal; five o'clock tea would, perhaps, be worse than supper) by proposing indiscriminately! It is a practice, I am told, that grows upon you; but it is not what the doctors call a wholesome growth. For a young person to boast of the lovers she has rejected may be cruel, but it is natural enough: so the Indian chief plumes himself on (and with) the scalps of the fallen: but for her to sustain defeat in her own proper person seems not exactly right. After a few seasons it might be said of one of these too advanced (and advancing) young persons, just as is now said of the too impressionable males, "That girl has asked more men to marry her than any girl in London." It might be true, but to my thinking it would not be pretty. Such a custom would render it in time less impossible, I fear, than it is now for a gentleman to say "No" to a lady. On the other hand I think it perfectly reasonable that a young woman who is troubled by the attentions of a philanderer, should (delicately but firmly) ask him whether he means business. "Excuse my seeming abruptness," she might say, "but the fact is my time is valuable, and yours is not."

There are some things concerning which, when the people who tell us about them say, "I would not have believed it, had I not seen it myself," we venture to claim the same exemption. The hearing the cuckoo in December, lately attested by four persons in Norfolk, comes, I think, under this head. One of them was servant to the clergyman of the parish who tells the story, and the Rector backs his man. He doubts whether cuckoos migrate, and narrates the following instance of it: "A person told me that one winter, in moving some faggots stacked against a wall, *he turned out a cuckoo*." This is a fairy tale, indeed, and sounds more like metamorphosis than any lack of migration. It was no doubt after he turned cuckoo that the four honest Norfolk men heard him: my own impression is, however, that that unseasonable songster was less a cuckoo than a lyre bird.

White of Selborne did not believe in "the swallow, swallow" always "flying south"; he used to find them "gliding about" in November, and believed many of them to winter in holes and caverns. He says the same of the bunting—though not, it is to be observed, of "the baby bunting," which is only seen in warm weather. He is very hard upon the cuckoo, to whom he applies Job's remark on a much larger bird, "She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers"; but he never accuses her of hibernating.

There have been strange stories told of the cuckoo. Though his note is spoken of as the very type of monotony, "in the month of June," as the children's rhyme runs, "he alters his tune." The cuckoo, says White, "begins early in the season with the interval of a minor third; he then proceeds to a major third, then to a fourth, then to a fifth, after which his voice breaks," and he loses his situation (like our boy choristers) among the feathered choir. In Southey's Journal we read of a very remarkable specimen of the bird. "By Mr. Leathes' house," he writes in 1815, "I heard a stuttering cuckoo—whose note was 'cucucuckoo, cucucuckoo'; after three or four of which he brought out the word rightly." The poet does not mention the time of day when the phenomenon occurred, but one can't help suspecting that it must have been after either he, or the bird, had been dining.

M. Numa Gilley, the French Deputy, ought to be regarded by posterity—whose good opinion we are always told is the only one worth having—as the least egotistic of men. Somebody has been publishing works under his name, which have made some sensation, but which he protests that he has "not even read," and far less written. Until they threatened to get him into trouble he took no pains to deny their authorship. Being a Deputy, perhaps, makes us content with the abolition of one's identity. His position is curiously in contrast with that of our own M.P.'s, some of whom, so far from ignoring their own productions, are whispered to put their names to "addresses" and their voices to speeches that are made by others. It seems probable that Numa Gilley is itself a *nom de plume*, for it's a very funny one; and, since his utterances are not his own, he can hardly even lay claim to be *vox et præterva nihil*. Perhaps the hibernating cuckoo has been discovered in this retiring politician after all.

How soon the memory of a dead man dies with all he holds most dear, has been reproachfully adverted to by the poet, who has, however, also hinted at the complications that would arise if he should take it into his head to come back—

The hard heir strides about his land
And will not yield it for a day.

This is not so certain just now as regards "the land," which he would probably yield very readily (because it yields nothing to him), but with respect to personal property, he would no doubt stick to it. As to the duration of grief for the dead, that depends upon the character of the Departed and also on that of the Survivor. There are some loving souls who, having lost the idol of their affections, go mourning all the days of their lives; while others (and these are more numerous) get over it with amazing promptitude. It is curious to note, however, how fashion affects both these classes, in a matter which, whether their grief be genuine or not, must at all events seem to them a most serious and solemn one. It is not many years since the custom began of supplementing the obituaries in the papers with "In Memoriam" notices. At first it seemed very touching; these pious records contrasted favourably with the curt style adopted by some mourners: "No cards," as if the departed had entered the married state; "No other intimation—Scotch papers please copy," &c. But as time went on, and also the "In Memoriams,"

one began to doubt the sincerity of some of them. It may not be so, of course; but what strikes one as rather suspicious is their intermittency. A "beloved husband" is regretted in 1885 and 1886, but not in 1887; but grief bursts into leaf again (the advertisement leaf) in 1888. Is it possible the widow forgot him in 1887? Rather, let us hope, she had not the money to spare for the insertion; but the omission is certainly remarkable. The custom has, however, evidently taken root and grows. I notice that the "In Memoriams" are going farther and farther back. There was a husband the other day in the paper lost in 1880, and another in 1881. Neither of them ever appeared there in the meantime: what could possibly have attracted the pent-up grief of the advertisers to break out in so strange a channel? These eccentricities of human feeling are surely interesting, though to many of us inexplicable.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Lord Charles Beresford, the steadfast advocate of Admiralty and Navy reform, joined Lord Randolph Churchill in giving a lively fillip to Parliamentary proceedings prior to the departure of Mr. W. H. Smith for the Monte Carlo Eden, and the start of Mr. Gladstone for Naples on the agreeably mild morning of December the Nineteenth (a pleasant change from the chilling fog of the Fifteenth, when the right hon. gentleman drove with Mr. John Morley to Limehouse to deliver another rousing address).

It is always a pleasure to hear Lord Charles Beresford. The noble and gallant Lord the member for East Marylebone is ever in earnest. A skilful, daring, and brave naval officer, the mere mention of whose name calls up recollections of his intrepid action on board the little Condor at Alexandria, and his valorous exploit on the Upper Nile during the Gordon Relief Expedition, Lord Charles Beresford has also the signal advantage of being a thorough master of his subject, practically as well as theoretically, when he rises in the House to prove the inadequacy of our Navy. There is, in fine, a sailorlike candour about his speeches that is very refreshing in an assemblage where red-tape officialdom is still predominant.

Possessing these rare qualifications, Lord Charles Beresford, (nothing daunted by his fall in the Row) commanded the attention of hon. members interested in the Navy when he arraigned the First Lord of the Admiralty on the Thirteenth of December, and from his vantage point behind the Treasury bench poured in a formidable fire on the devoted head of Lord George Hamilton; Lord Randolph Churchill vainly endeavouring to smother his satisfaction by assiduously curling the ends of his moustache. Of the latter noble Lord it may be truly said, indeed, that nothing seems to afford him so much pleasure as the political misfortunes of his best friends. It was in Committee of Supply on the vote of £1,806,200 for ship-building and repairs that Lord Charles Beresford delivered his attack. Contending that the British fleet should be numerically more than a match for the combined fleets of any two European Powers, Lord Charles entered into statistics to prove that such was not the case at present. He put the case very plainly. Supposing, said he, for example, that hostilities were to break out between England and France (which terrible eventuality the Fates forbid!), we should then have to fight the thirty war-vessels France possesses for defensive and offensive purposes. Deducing the British ships which the noble Lord said would be unavailable at such a juncture, he computed that there would only be thirty-six English men-of-war left to cope with the thirty of the French. His Lordship then set to work to support his argument by unfolding in interesting detail a possible naval "plan of campaign," naming the French ports and squadrons our ships would have to watch, and making it manifest that our fleets would be insufficient in numbers for the work before them. We regret that we have not space to add particulars of Lord Charles Beresford's well-thought-out and admirable speech. It must suffice to say that his Lordship contended that Twenty Millions more should be expended on new ships of war to render our Navy commensurate with the duties it would have to perform in the contingency he bluntly stated. The numerous friends of the noble and gallant Lord will value the counterfeit presentation of him drawn on the preceding page. Lord George Hamilton, in a manner, admitted the soundness of Lord Charles Beresford's views by agreeing that our fleet should be stronger; and he foreshadowed a larger and more comprehensive vote for next year; but he thought the object desired might be gained by spreading the expenditure over a number of years. In the end, the badgered First Lord of the Admiralty secured all the Navy votes.

Mr. Goschen, in taking Mr. Smith's place as Leader of the House, had at the outset to face the fresh Souakim Difficulty, and Lord Randolph Churchill's awkward inquiries on the Fifteenth of December as to the course the Government would adopt in view of Osman Digna's declaration that the Mahdi had captured Emin Pasha and Mr. H. M. Stanley. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was quite equal to the occasion. Mr. Goschen said the Government had no proofs of the capture of those eminent personages, and could not hamper the military Commanders at Souakim. Upon Mr. John Morley returning to the attack on this knotty question the Monday following, supported by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill (who inflicted a brace of digs into the ribs of the Prime Minister), the Government, through the medium of Mr. Stanhope, stoutly maintained that they had no alternative but to defend Souakim. What has concerned hon. members even more than the Souakim problem is that Parliament should be compelled to sit till Christmas!

The supply of cattle for the Christmas trade, at the Metropolitan Cattle Market on Dec. 17, was rather larger than in several recent years. There were 7518 beasts exhibited, and 12,890 sheep.

The last concert given by the students of the Hyde Park Academy was more than usually well received. "King René's Daughter" filled up the first part of the programme, Mrs. Lindley White rendering in excellent taste the principal part in the popular cantata.

The Earl of Shrewsbury has intimated to the whole of the tenantry on his estates in Cheshire his intention of returning to them 10 per cent on the half-year's Christmas rents now due. This is the eighth time in succession that the Earl has made a similar abatement.

Christmas and New Year cards are not yet exhausted. From Messrs. Misch and Stock, of 55, Jewin-street, we have received several specimens, nicely coloured, and all in good taste; a few novel designs from Messrs. Birn, of 27, Finsbury-street; some cards, showing great care, from Messrs. Thorburn and Bain, of 60, Paternoster-row; hand-painted ones and comic eccentricities from Messrs. Hamilton, Hills, and Co., of 22, Paternoster-row; Christmas nuts to crack, all home-grown, from Mr. J. Tayler Foot, of 18, Poland-street; and Christmas and New Year gifts from Messrs. Charbonnel and Walker, of 173, New Bond-street.

ROYAL VISIT TO EALING.

On Saturday, Dec. 15, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two sons and two of their daughters, visited Ealing to open the new building, which we have described and illustrated, comprising the Victoria Hall, the Free Library, and offices of the Local Board, erected to commemorate the Jubilee of the Queen's reign. Their Royal Highnesses arrived at three o'clock. There was a guard of honour composed of the 19th (Princess of Wales's Own) Hussars and the 2nd (Duke of Cambridge's Own) Middlesex Regiment. The Royal visitors were received by Mr. E. M. Nelson, chairman of the Jubilee Hall Committee; and Lord George Hamilton, M.P., and Mr. Dixon Hartland, M.P., were among the company. The door was opened by the Prince of Wales with a key of gold. They entered the hall; a choir, conducted by Mr. Harold Savery, sang "God Save the Queen"; an address was read by Mr. Ruston, Clerk to the Local Board, and the Prince of Wales spoke in reply. The architect, Mr. C. Jones, was presented to their Royal Highnesses, who departed amidst cordial acclamations. There was a banquet in the evening, in the new hall; the streets were illuminated; and there was a display of fireworks on Ealing Common.

THE COURT.

Friday, Dec. 14, being the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort and of Princess Alice, the Queen, the Empress Frederick, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal family attended a special memorial service at the Royal Mausoleum, Frogmore. The Queen received on the 15th the sad intelligence of the death of his Grand Ducal Highness Prince Alexander of Hesse, father to her Majesty's son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and uncle to the Grand Duke of Hesse. Colonel Carington represented the Queen at the funeral. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Bishop of Wakefield also had the honour of being invited to dine with her Majesty. The Queen and the Empress Frederick and the Royal family, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning, the 16th. The Bishop of Wakefield, assisted by the Dean of Windsor, officiated, and the Bishop of Wakefield preached. The Empress Frederick, accompanied by Princess Sophie and Princess Margaret of Prussia, proceeded to London and took luncheon with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, after which her Majesty, with Princess Sophie, who is betrothed to the Crown Prince of Greece, and Princess Margaret, attended

Divine service in the Greek Church of St. Sophia, Bayswater. Her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses afterwards returned to Windsor Castle. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Prussia, drove out in the afternoon. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon, and, with his Royal Highness Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, dined with her Majesty in the evening. The German Ambassador and the Bishop of Wakefield had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen held a Council on the 17th; and the Empress Frederick travelled from Windsor and paid a visit to the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, addressing a few words to nearly all the little patients. On the 18th her Majesty, the Empress Frederick, and her daughters, left Windsor Castle for Osborne, where the Court will reside during the Christmas season.

Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., and Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., have become honorary members of the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists.

Besides the choice perfumery for which the firm is noted, dainty Christmas gifts and New Year's presents may be obtained of M. Eugène Rimmel, at his establishments in the Strand, Regent-street, and Queen Victoria-street, London; and at Brighton and Paris.

PROFESSOR FREDERICKS' PERFORMING CATS.

We all have our hobbies, which our friends, if they are wise, suffer gladly. Professor Fredericks' hobby is animals. The horse, the pony, the goat, and the pig have all from time to time come under his influence. Just now he has a preference for the domestic cat. He possesses a large number, of all breeds and sizes, which are conveyed from his house to the place of performance each day, are exercised most mornings in his back garden, and are fed on cats'-meat and bread-and-milk. Some of them persistently prefer the latter dish. The pride of the flock is a black animal, named Sloper, who originally cost his master sixpence. A fifty-pound note would not buy him to-day. This treasure is just now suffering from a severe cold, and Professor Fredericks has been obliged to put a mustard plaster on his throat. Of all animals, horses and dogs are the easiest to train. Cats are willing enough to learn, but they are unreliable. Sloper may have walked the tight-rope five

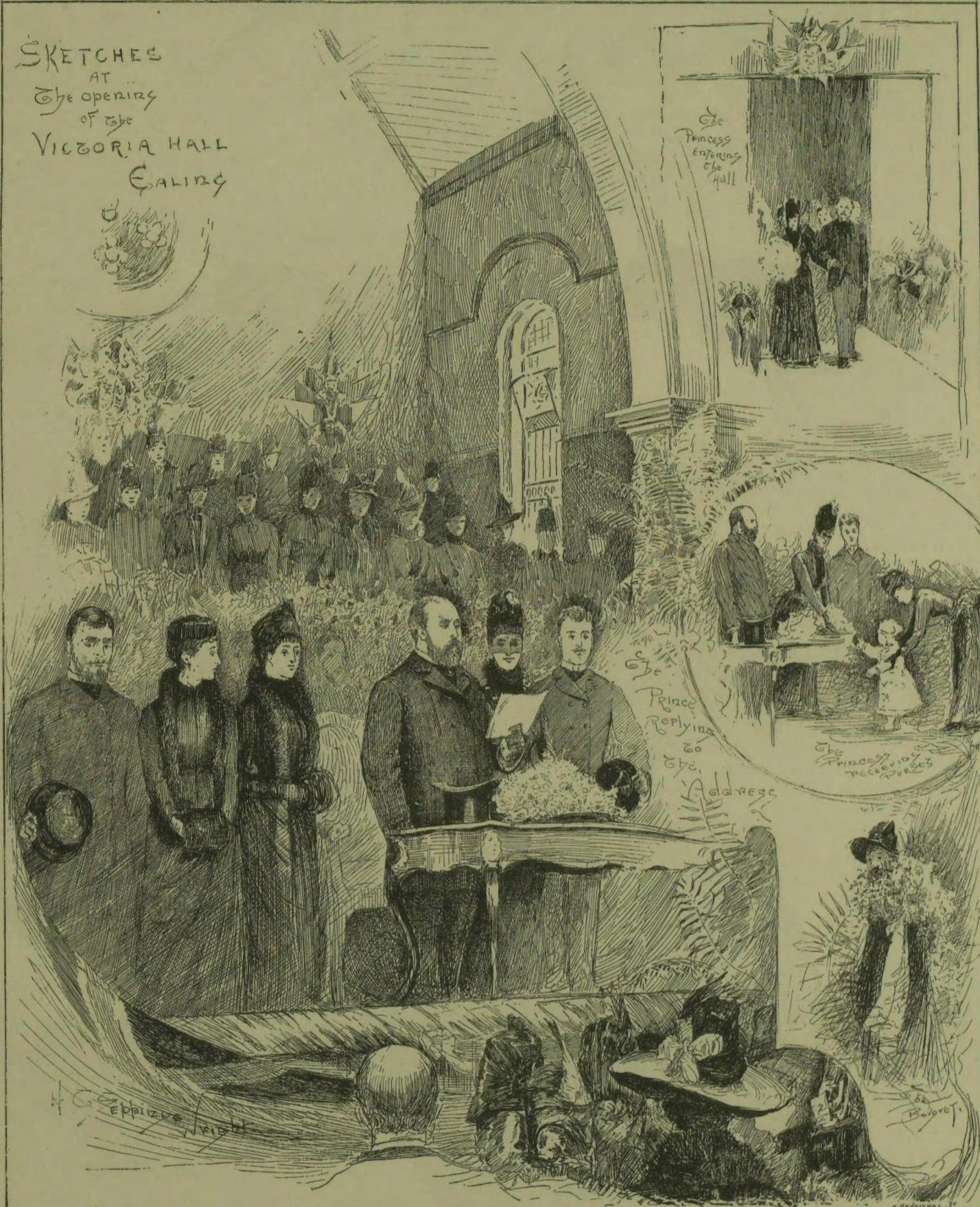
dislikes it is mice, and next it is canary birds. He treats both of them with contempt. One of the striking features of the performance was to see him walk a tight rope literally strewn with these animals. He lifted his feet gingerly over mice and birds, and the little mishap that occurred in the second part of the journey was due entirely to his severe cold. He sneezed one of the canaries off the rope and on to the floor; but he made up for it by returning with a mouse on his back. It will be news to most people to hear that one cat in eight has no taste for birds and mice. When the taste has been acquired, nothing save downright bullying and cruelty will correct it, and that method of training has no place in Professor Fredericks' system. Quite recently a black and white member of the company, named Aquarium, by a clever piece of business, nearly succeeded in ousting Sloper from his position as leading juvenile of the show. In a moment of forgetfulness, let us hope, he bent his head and caught a rat in his mouth. The little animal, no doubt, gave itself up for lost. A word from Professor Fredericks, however, and it was dropped at once.

Mention must also be made of the boxing cats. They stood on their hind legs facing one another on two chairs, and fought three rounds in most scientific fashion. Professor Fredericks finds that Portuguese cats make the finest performers, and the Lisbon folk the best audiences. In that city cats are adored, for the reason that they act as scavengers in clearing the streets of the innumerable mice that infest them. Their lank and lean appearance is due to this pursuit, and not to severe treatment, as English audiences are apt to imagine.

Professor Fredericks is able to train one in three cats, those of a black hue taking most readily to the work. He first teaches them to sit up and beg; creeping through chairs follows, which leads to crawling over the backs, and so on to walking across the stage on champagne-bottles. The Professor believes that cats have no real affection at all. It takes a canary about five weeks to get used to its natural enemy.

There is not on record a single instance of a Radical cat. They detest change, and if taken to a new home will hide under the sofa or up the chimney till custom has soothed their fear. It is one thing for a cat to perform in a private room, but quite another to make him go through his tricks in a public hall, as one or two cat showmen have found to their cost.

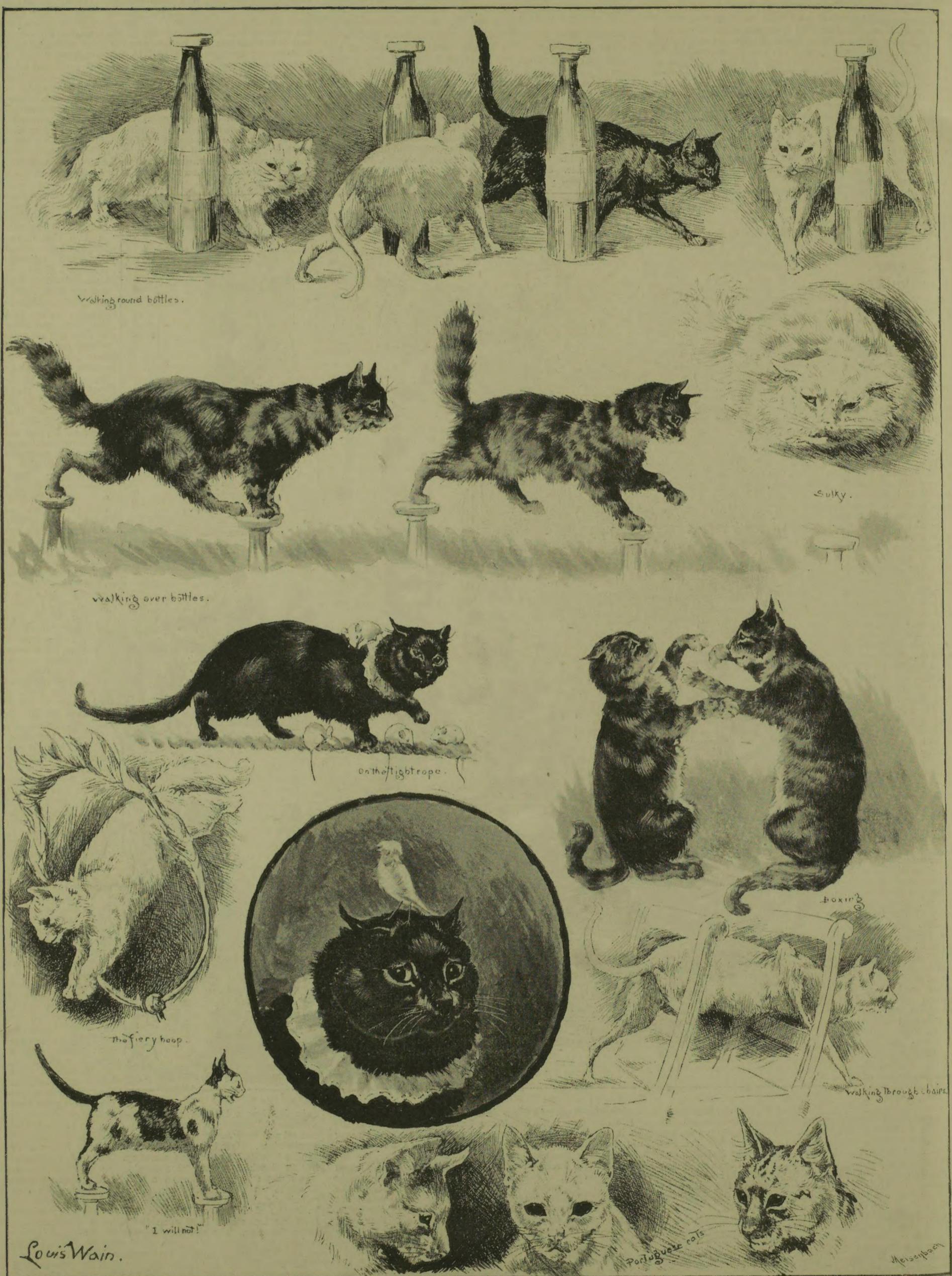
This power over animals is a rare gift, and those who possess it are more interesting than they think. It is a sine qua non to let the beast feel that you are its master; and that applies especially to horses. The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" makes the hero lose his power over which, of course, is nonsense. Drinking to excess will do it, as that means loss of control and of masterhood. Professor Fredericks is practically an abstainer. Here is an instance of his nerve. A few years ago he belonged to a circus company. They were performing in South America. One evening, as the lion-tamer was about to enter the cage, a nail in the wall inflicted a slight wound on his face, drawing blood. He was sufficiently brave for his work, but he also knew his business, and he knew what kind of effect the blood trickling from his face would have upon the lions; so he declined to enter the cage. The audience were clamorous, and it was decided that somebody else must put the animals through their tricks. The choice fell upon Professor Fredericks. Although he had never before had anything to do with lions, he entered the cage, and at the end of quarter of an hour made his exit—unhurt. "Weren't you at all nervous?" I asked. "Only once—as I was opening the door to enter. Safe inside I had control over them. The danger lay in entering." "And what would you have done if they had attacked you?" "Done?—nothing! I could only stand still and be eaten till somebody outside had got the red-hot irons ready!" Professor Fredericks has now given up consorting with lions; it invariably gave his wife hysterics; besides, performing cats are more remunerative.



nights with elegance and precision, but on the sixth he refuses. "It's obstinacy," says Professor Fredericks; "and when the fit is on them, the only way is to let them rest. I never use force, and never by any chance strike an animal." For training purposes, kittens are useless. They are too enterprising. Professor Fredericks prefers a middle-aged Spanish animal, whose sense of humour is not abnormally developed. Cats can be trained to care little about the audience, and they are perfectly indifferent to applause; but they do not like any alteration in the aspect of the stage. If a stranger happens to cross the boards, they will pause and look round with a serious inquisitiveness which is imitable.

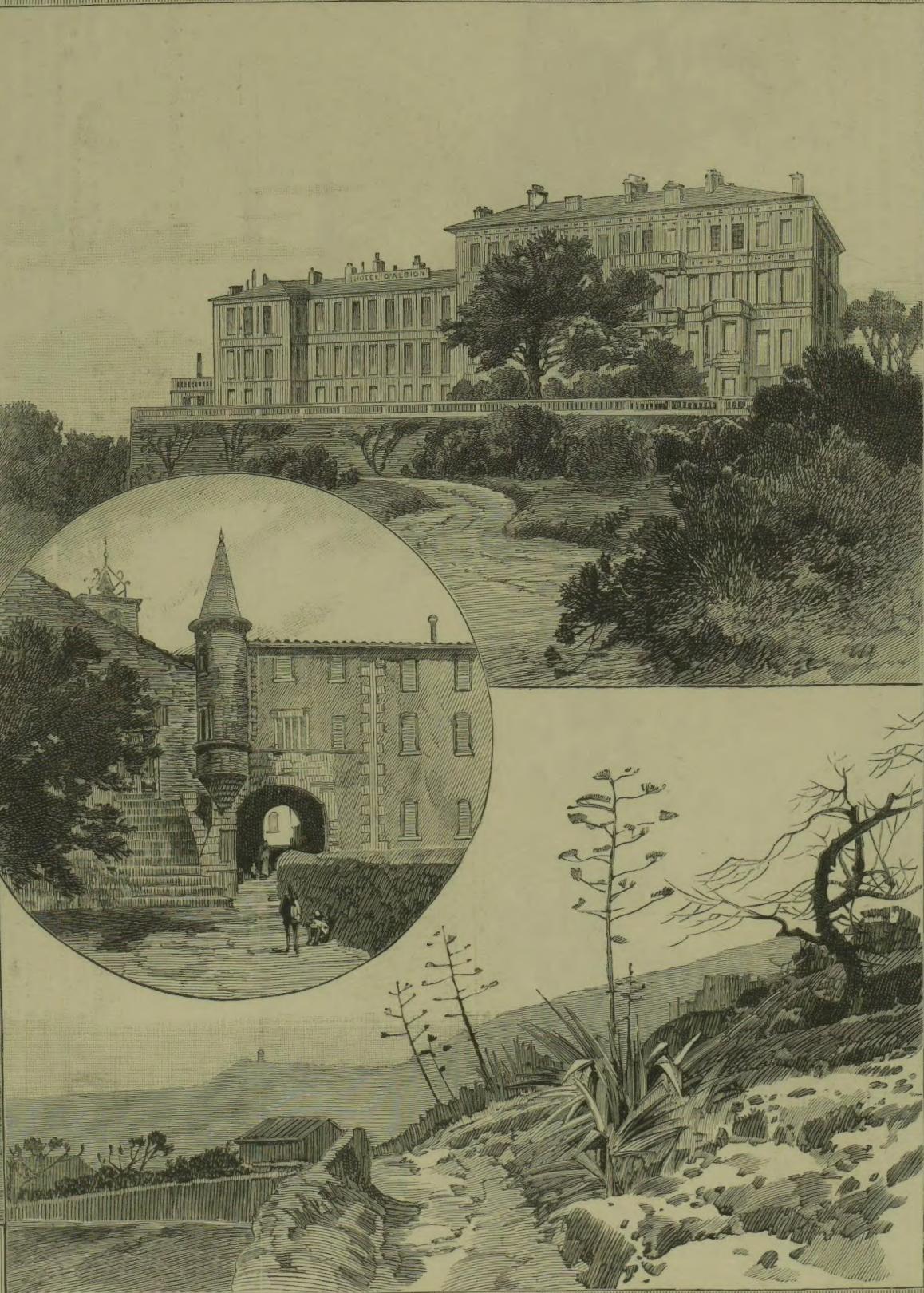
The first item of the performance at the Oxford and the Aquarium was climbing the pole; this, of all cat tricks, is the hardest to teach, as with the first step the animal passes out of his master's jurisdiction. Whether he reaches the top of the pole or not depends entirely upon his own humour. On this occasion Arco—a tall, thin, lank Portuguese cat—was in fine form: he climbed the pole, and came down head first, without so much as a mew. Walking the tight rope followed; this half a dozen animals—English and Portuguese—accomplished skilfully, with occasional encouragement from their master.

If there is one thing of all others that Sloper most



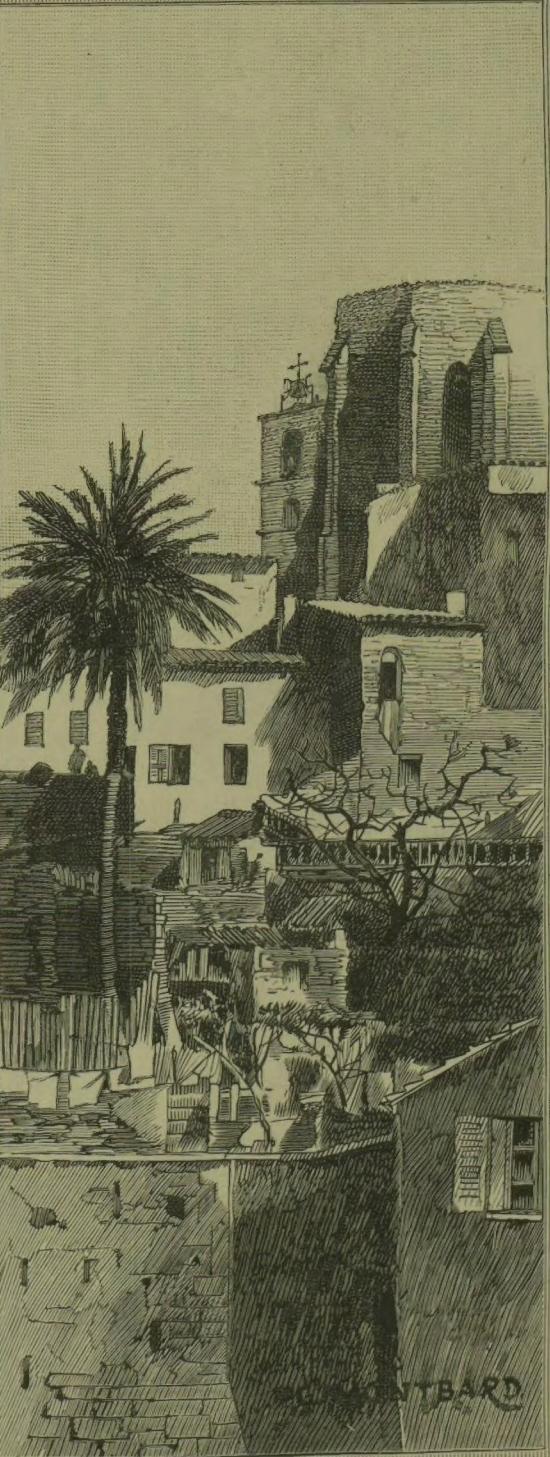


RUE DU PARADIS.



VIEW FROM COSTEBELLE.

HYÈRES, SOUTH COAST OF FRANCE.



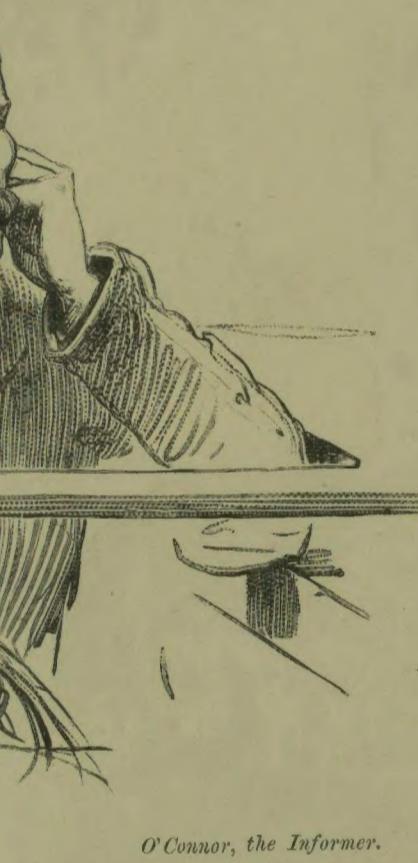
QUARTIER DE ST. PAUL.

THE PARRELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

Our Sketches in court were made on Friday, Dec. 14, when the witnesses from Kerry were being examined and cross-examined. Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., appears engaged in a cross-examination, in the interest of his clients, the Irish Land League and National League leaders, also members of Parliament. Behind him sits Mr. Timothy Harrington, M.P., attired as a professional barrister, who conducts his own case. The evidence given on that day was of some personal concern to Mr. Harrington, with reference to transactions at Castleisland and Currow, and in the town of Tralee, in March, 1881, and his association with two men named Brosnan, to whom money was paid for canvassing, "by night," in favour of the Land League candidate at an election of a Poor-Law guardian. Thomas O'Connor, the informer, deposed that two of the electors were visited at night by himself and one of the Brosnans, disguised with covered faces, who threatened to do something serious to them if they would not promise to vote for Mr. M'Sweeney. This witness O'Connor said he did not want any money from the *Times* but his bare expenses, and he had come forward "in the hope of banishing the hell upon earth that existed round his own place in Ireland." Mrs. Donoghue, of Tralee, who keeps a lodging-house, deposed that Mr. T. Harrington, in 1882, paid her £20 or £25 for daily supplying food to some men imprisoned in the county jail for agrarian outrages. The shorthand reporter had a difficult task in keeping pace with the confused Anglo-Irish language of a voluble female witness.

HYÈRES.

Hyères has deservedly come to the fore this season, and is crowded with visitors. It is a mystery why this most charming of Riviera health-resorts did not long ago become the favourite place. However, the Hyères officials and municipality have wakened up, and added greatly to the attractions of the place by improving the Casino and organising a fine orchestra. But it is to those in search of health, rest, and freedom that Hyères most commands itself—for, though a gay little town,



O'Connor, the Informer.

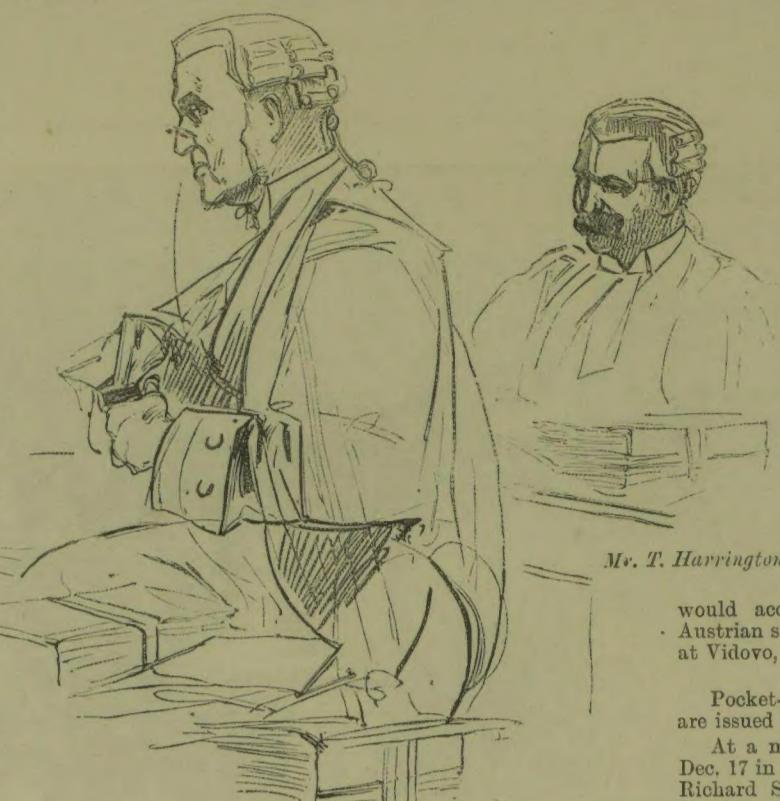
SKETCHES AT THE PARRELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

there is Costebelle, the lovely hilly suburb where one can almost imagine oneself in a semi-tropical ranche of Southern California were it not for the strains of distant music and the peal of distant bells wafted up by the evening breeze from the little town below, looking like a pearl set in emeralds, so white it gleams from out its luxuriant vegetation. The best example of Costebelle's increasing popularity is the fact that the Grand Hôtel d'Albion—one of the best hotels on the whole Riviera—has had to add a large wing to its former building, in order to accommodate the number of visitors who are flocking there. An English church, too, has been erected in the hotel grounds, and the Bishop of Gibraltar is nominating the chaplain.

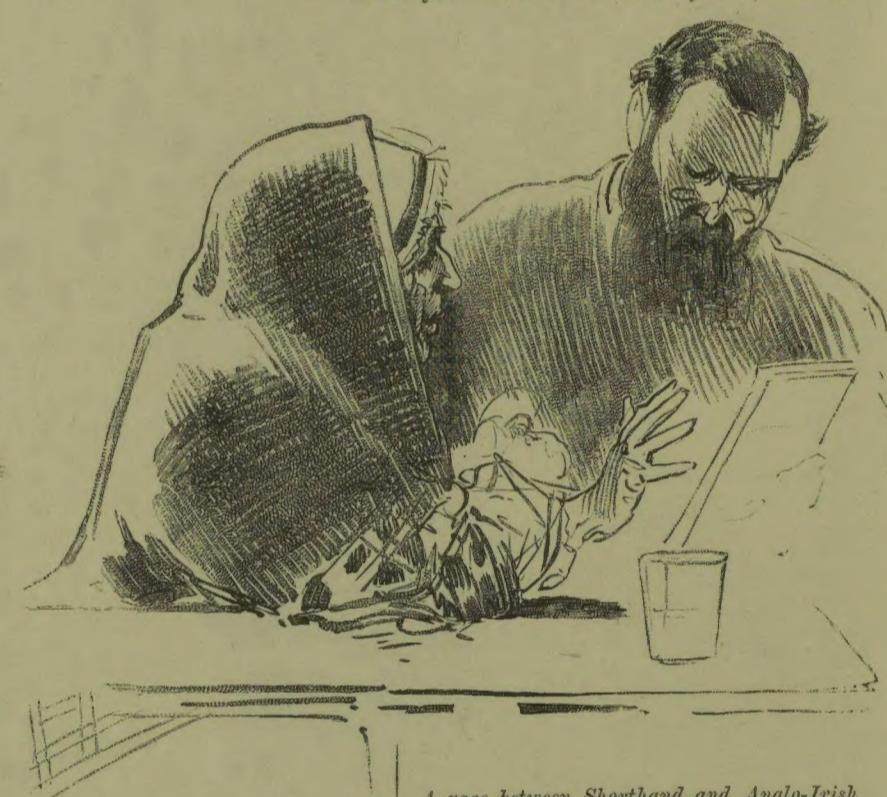
The view from Costebelle is a scene of ever-changing delight: one gazes far over the azure sea, dotted with verdant islands, in and out of which tack and put about the prettily-rigged fishing and fruit vessels, while away to either side are faint blue mountains. As will be seen from our Artist's sketches the town offers to the antiquary and the sketcher every advantage. The old gateway is but one of many which, with the town walls and an ancient castle, give both scope for their full powers; and what could be more picturesque, in different ways, than the old "Quartier de St. Paul" and the "Rue du Paradis," or the sandy road of Costebelle bordered with such aloes as one expects to find only in Africa? The remaining picture is a charming view of the Grand Hôtel d'Albion, the magnificent position of which can well be gathered from the sketch.

The season of Christmas spectacles was opened early in London at the bright and cheerful Alhambra Theatre of Varieties, which fairly eclipsed former triumphs. A model of magnificence and good taste, the charming new fantastic ballet of "Irene" well merited its enthusiastic reception. "Irene" should attract all London. The exquisitely beautiful new costumes of M. and Madame Alias combine for the first time the ethereal with the brilliant, the soft, silken crêpe de Chine draperies being particularly elegant. Whilst the inspiring Neapolitan Fair scene has rarely, if ever, been surpassed for gaiety and radiant loveliness of colour, the crowning tableau of Fortuna's Kingdom is perfectly enchanting. It evoked a storm of applause. The music of Jacobi, choreographic art of Casati, costumes of Alias, and grace of the Alhambra corps de ballet, unite to make "Irene" a great terpsichorean success.

The availability of ordinary return tickets between all stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway



Mr. T. Harrington.



A race between Shorthand and Anglo-Irish.

THE ELECTIONS IN SERVIA.

The general election of representatives in the Grand "Skuptschina," or National Assembly, of the Kingdom of Servia took place on Sunday, Dec. 16, under the new provisions of the amended Constitution. It appears that the Royal influence was used rather adversely to the existing Ministry, that of M. Christich, the head of the Moderate Progressist party; and that the Radical party, whose chief is M. Ristich, have gained more than three-fourths of the seats, winning at least twenty in the towns and thirty in the rural districts. At Belgrade, the capital city, M. Garashanine and the other Ministerial candidates were defeated, four Liberals and four Radicals being elected by 355 votes for each. The new Assembly would meet on Dec. 23, but the political struggle for office would not begin until January. The overthrow of the present Government was considered to be certain; but the Radicals were supposed to be bent on rescinding some parts of the Constitution, with a view to diminishing the prerogatives of the Crown, and M. Ristich is supposed to incline to a Russian or Panslavish policy. These conditions make it doubtful whether the King would accept a Radical Ministry, as his Majesty seeks Austrian support. A Sketch by M. Lachmann shows the riot at Vidovo, the chief magistrate rescued by gendarmes.

Pocket-books combining utility and strength with elegance are issued by Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held on Dec. 17 in the theatre of the London University—General Sir Richard Strachey, president, in the chair—Colonel R. G. Woodthorpe, R.E., read a paper entitled "Explorations on the Chindwin River, Upper Burmah," in the course of which he recounted his own personal observations and experiences in that country, and gave some interesting details as to the appearance and customs of the various native tribes. He remarked that the Chindwin River, which at certain periods of the year was much swollen by rain, became so shallow

will be extended over the Christmas Holidays as usual, and in this arrangement will be included the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets between London and the seaside places on the South Coast and the Isle of Wight. On Dec. 22, 24, and 26 extra fast trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge Stations for the Isle of Wight; and on Christmas Eve an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, Portsmouth, &c. On Boxing Day special cheap excursions will be run from Brighton, &c., to the Crystal Palace and London, and also from London to Brighton and back. For the Crystal Palace pantomime and the holiday entertainments on Boxing Day, extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices—28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Friday, Saturday, and Monday, for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria Stations.

The coast districts of New South Wales have been visited by heavy storms and rains; but, in the interior, rain continues to urgently needed.

A Christmas-Box for a shilling is the special attraction at the European Game and Toy Warehouse of Mr. Cremer, jun., 210, Regent-street, where may be found every variety of Christmas games, toys, and dolls, and where also is kept a large assortment of cosasques.

At Souakim the left flank of the enemy was reconnoitred by our troops on Dec. 15 and following day. The Welsh Battalion arrived on the 15th, from Suez, and was warmly welcomed. On the 17th the forts directed a heavy fire on the enemy's position, and destroyed a portion of their entrenchments. The reinforcements have been completed by the arrival of the 1st squadron of the 20th Hussars and 100 men of the 2nd Battalion of Egyptian troops. A letter addressed by Osman Digna to the Governor informs him that he had received news from the Khalifah that the Equatorial Province had fallen into the Mahdi's hands; and that Emin Pasha and another white man, whose name was not known, but said to be Stanley, were, it is stated, taken prisoners. If the information thus communicated to General Grenfell be authentic it brings to a melancholy conclusion the uncertainty and apprehension in which we have so long been plunged with respect to Emin Pasha and Mr. Stanley.

during the month of May as to render navigation very difficult. This, he thought, however, might be obviated to some extent by the shifting of sandbanks. The paper was illustrated by a series of dissolving views taken from photographs and from sketches by the lecturer himself. A vote of thanks, proposed by the chairman, brought the proceedings to a close.

Mr. Justice Stirling has made an order for the winding-up of the affairs of the late Irish Exhibition, after hearing statements affecting the solvency of the undertaking and the liability of the Executive Council.

Mr. Ralph Copeland, F.R.A.S., has been appointed by the Queen to be Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, and Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh, in the room of Professor Piazzi Smyth, resigned.

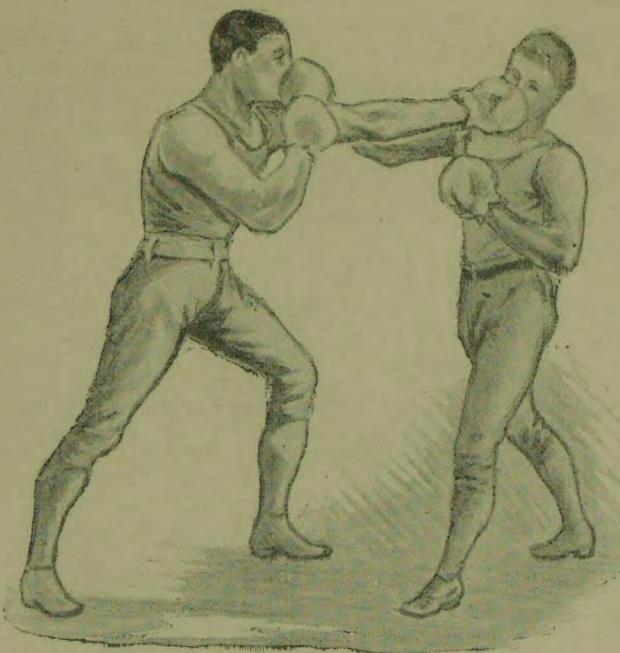
A new mechanics' institute, built by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, at a cost of £3000, was opened at Horwich on Dec. 15 by the chairman of the directors, Mr. George J. Armitage, who afterwards distributed prizes to the successful science students. A concert followed. The library of the institute consists of 1800 volumes.

The usual weekly entertainment at Brompton Hospital took place on Dec. 18, when "Dearest Mamma" was performed by Miss Blanche Fane, Miss Hildyday, Mrs. Stafford Thompson, Messrs. Lister Drummond, C. Drummond, E. H. Whitmore, and George Nugent; Mrs. Whalley ably presiding at the piano.

The entertainment gave great pleasure to the patients and nurses.

A Bill providing for a loan of £4,600,000, bearing interest at 3½ per cent, has passed the Victoria Legislative Assembly. This loan comprises the unissued balance—namely, £2,000,000—of the £8,000,000 loan authorised in 1885, which is reduced by that amount, and £2,600,000 to meet obligations incurred on railway works authorised during the last three years. Of the total amount of £4,600,000, it is only intended to float £3,000,000 early next year.

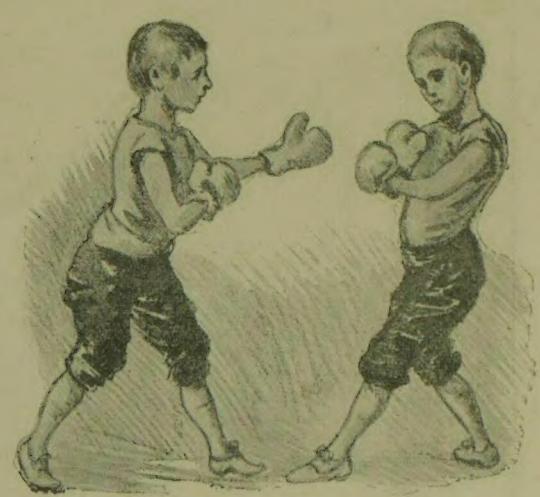
Lord Dufferin, who was entertained at a banquet before leaving Bombay, said he handed over India to his successor without a cloud on the horizon. There was no internal question on hand which could not be easily solved.—Lord Lansdowne, replying to an address of welcome presented by the Calcutta Municipality, expressed the hope that during his term of office the Government would be able to attend uninterruptedly to legislation for the domestic benefit of the people, and to improve the machinery of government to such an extent as the altering conditions of the country might require.



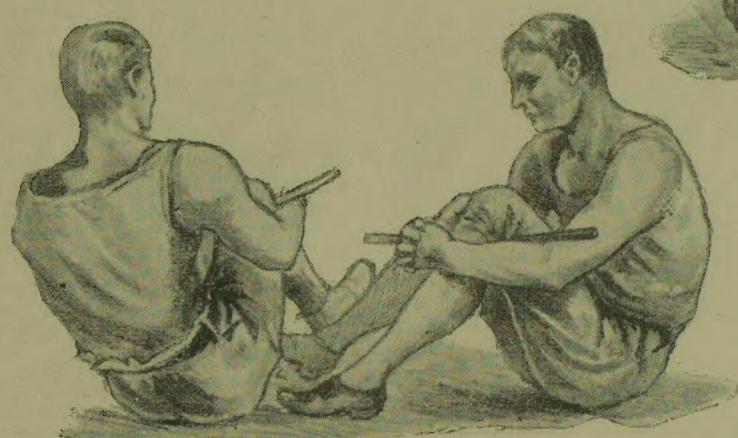
Burchell v. Mitchell.



Wrestling.



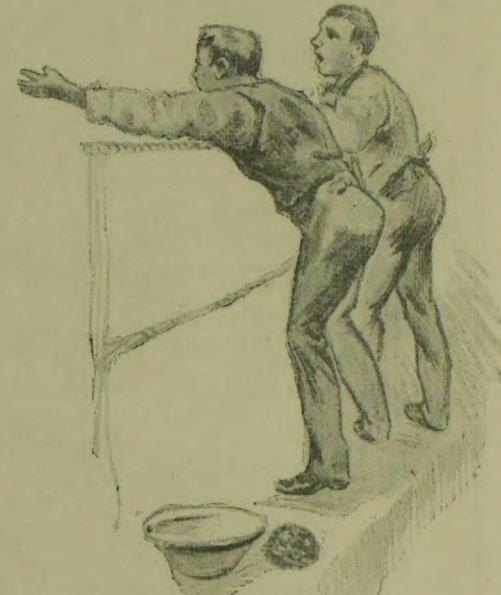
The Little Twin Brothers Gee.



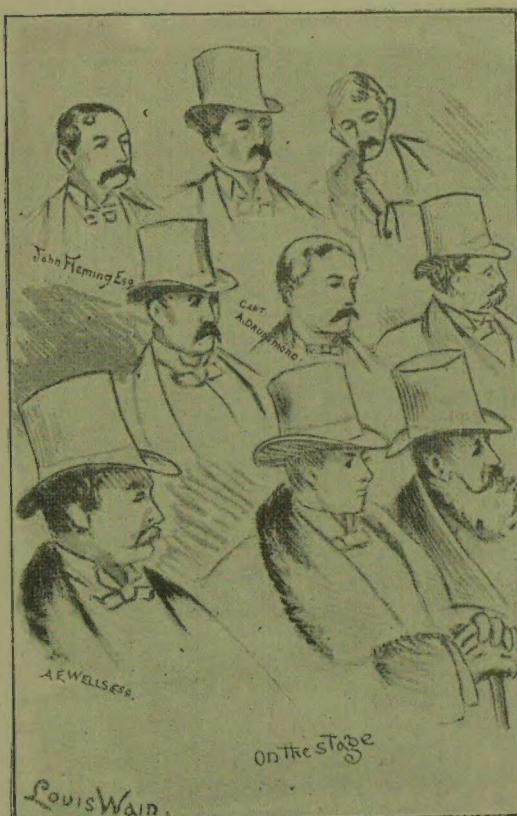
Cock-fighting.



Sir John Astley, Bart.



The Seconds get Excited.



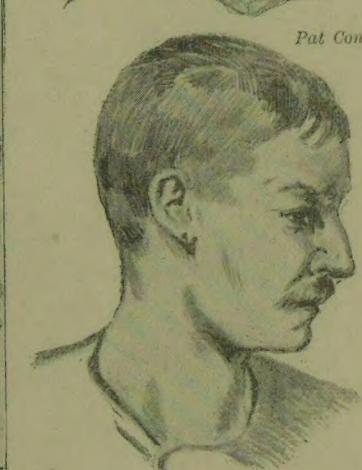
Pat Condon.



Jem Smith, Champion of England.



W. Good, Battersea.



Reuben Baxter.



Bill Kennedy.



Jem Gleeson.

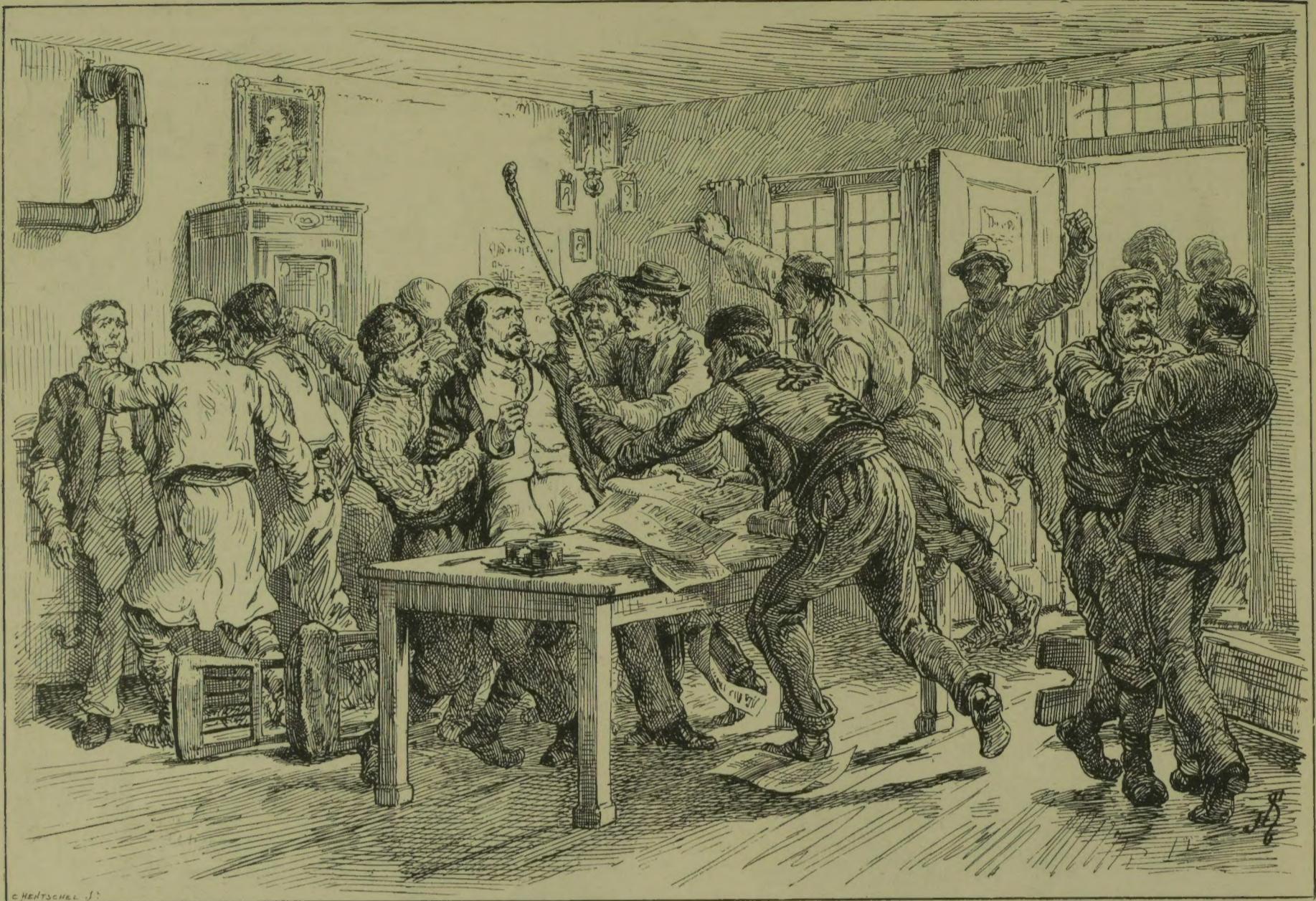
BOXING PERFORMANCES AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

During the week ending Dec. 15, a Grand Boxing Tournament, harmless with the gloves, was held in Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, formerly dedicated to Italian Opera, afterwards to the religious hymns and sermons of Moody and Sankey, to political demonstrations, and to diverse popular spectacles and entertainments. This exhibition of competitive athletic skill was promoted by sporting men of fashion, members of the "Amateur Boxing Association," but was hardly superior in arrangement and performance, from a scientific point of view, to those which have been witnessed at the excellent German Gymnasium at King's-cross. The members of the Association did not personally enter the lists, and some professional boxers, having been engaged the week before in a similar "tournament" at the Royal Aquarium, wanted a rest. The last day's proceedings were of most interest, comprising the final bouts in the eight different classes; namely, those of 9 st. amateurs, 9 st. 6 lb. professionals, heavy-weight amateurs, 8 st. 4 lb. professionals, middle-weight amateurs (under 11 st. 4 lb.), professionals of 10 st. 8 lb., amateur light-weights, ten stone and under, and a catch-weight professional contest. Several of the amateurs belonged to the Invicta, the Royal

Victor, and the New-cross Boxing Clubs. The prizes for amateurs were presented to them by Sir John Astley. Between the regular competitions there were various exhibitions of wrestling and sparring, Indian club wielders, and curious feats of fisticuffs, which afforded much amusement. Our Artist, to whom nothing comes amiss, "was fortunately on the spot," and has delineated the portraits of some of the most accomplished pugilists, including Jem Smith, the champion of England, and those of Sir John and other gentlemen among the spectators. The wrestling-match in the Cumberland and Westmoreland style, which is a noble exercise with none of the Cornish kicking tricks, was valiantly sustained by Scott and White; the first-named competitor got the odd fall. In the boxing-match open to all weights (professional) Ted Burchell, of Shoreditch, beat Alf Mitchell, of Cardiff, a taller man, and a precise and severe hitter—forcing him round the stage, however, in the third round, so as to cause a difference of opinion among the judges, but the referee decided in favour of Burchell. Much amusement was excited by the extra bye-performances; the Twin Brothers Gee, announced as the smallest boxers in the world, displayed a good deal of "applied

science" and practical dexterity with their puny limbs; and there was a ludicrous imitation of cock-fighting, by two men squatting and springing at each other, with the legs of each trammelled by a stick under the knees. There was also a comic sparring-match between a white man and a black man, the gloves of the former being covered with white chalk, and those of the latter with lamp-black; the effect on their faces, respectively, was both ridiculous and sublime. It has been pointed out, upon this occasion, that the site of Her Majesty's Theatre was formerly that of Rideout's Fencing Academy.

The illustration of Black Mountain prisoners in the Fort of Oghi, which appears on another page this week, is from a photograph taken by Major Sydney D. Turnbull, of the 14th Bengal Cavalry; not, as is stated by mistake, one of the sketches we received from Lieutenant Walter Blair. One of these prisoners was a Hassanzai; the others were of the Bungash Kheyel tribe, from the Kohat district, but settled in Agror. They were charged with the cruel slaughter of some unarmed muleteers in our service. The prisoners are represented as under guard of a Ghurka havildar and sentry.



ELECTION SCENE IN SERVIA, UNDER THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

FROM A SKETCH BY M. LACHMANN.



"CHRISTMAS IS COMING!"

DRAWN BY RUDOLF BLIND.



"BARRED OUT."—DRAWN BY G. E. ROBERTSON

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLUM-PUDDING. Why is it that history so persistently ignores the things, names, and events which the world most earnestly desires to know? Now-a-days it matters to none of us that Marius once sat amid the ruins of Carthage, or that Alfred burnt the cakes in the neatherd's cottage. Who cares a stiver whether Cheops built the Great Pyramid, or Omar the Khalif compiled the code of laws known by his name, or whether when Timour invaded India the Hindoos "caught a Tartar"? But at this Christmas-time, as a certain delicious fragrance—subtly compounded of many separate fragrances, each sweet in itself, but all much sweeter than any separate one—is wafted to my "olfactory organs" (to quote the comic journals), I am painfully reminded that history has nowhere recorded the name of the inventor of the plum-pudding. It would not be easy to adduce a more impressive example of the ignorance of historians, and, I fear I must add, of the ingratitude of the world. For centuries men and women—and, notably, English-speaking men and women—have been feasting at stated periods on this dish "fit for gods," and yet have made no attempt (so it appears) to rescue from oblivion the name of the benefactor who invented—or, as I should prefer to say, created it. Neither in the pages of garrulous Herodotus or judicious Thucydides, of Livy or Tacitus, of Ferishta the Persian or Tabari (whom Gibbon calls the Livy of the Arabians); neither in Eusebius or Zozomen; or, to come later down, in De Thou or Philip de Comines, Guicciardini or Muratori—in the Saxon Chronicle, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Walter Map, or Henry of Huntingdon, occurs the slightest reference to this philanthropist. Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner has not detected his name among the State Papers he loves so well; nor has Mr. Froude discovered it among the archives of Simancas. Alas! how true it is (as Sir Henry Taylor says) that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men!" Assuredly, in the front rank of these Great Unknowns—"inheritors of unfulfilled renown"—the impartial and dispassionate inquirer will place the illustrious inventor (or creator) of the Plum-Pudding. But "impartial" "dispassionate"? Is it possible for any person who has once partaken of this glorious dish to preserve his freedom of judgment? Will not the sweet memories of its succulence bind him for ever after in allegiance to its original maker? Whenever the pudding smokes upon the board, will not his kindliest sympathies go out towards its unknown concoctor? Or will he—like the mass of mankind—absorb the gift of genius without a thought for the giver?

Every schoolboy knows who invented the spinning-jenny, the stocking-loom, the steam-engine, and Aspinall's enamel. We have read all about Pascal and his enamelled pottery—about Pears and his incomparable soap—about Edison and his phonograph. A gorgeous college for women perpetuates the name of the inventor of Holloway's ointment, and grateful thousands (it is said) bless the sanative properties of Beecham's pills. Yet has anyone—or have all of them—deserved so well of humanity as the author or authors of the plum-pudding? I am prepared to admit that the steam-engine has accomplished great changes, great revolutions; but then, have they all been for good? One may venture to hint that, quite possibly, the world might have done pretty well without it; but could the world, or at all events the English, which is a tolerably large portion of the world, have done without the plum-pudding? Where would be Christmas? For no one can conceive of Christmas without its pudding: 'twould be like Sullivan's music without Gilbert's libretto, or Mr. Swinburne's poetry without its alliterations. But all will agree, I think, that Christmas is more important than the steam-engine; and as Christmas, I repeat, could not be without the plum-pudding—every boy and girl in the country would laugh you to scorn if you said otherwise!—it is clear that the said pudding is of greater value than the said engine. Q. E. D., Consider the enmities which have been dissolved, the jealousies which have been extinguished, the misunderstandings which have been cleared up, the good fellowships which have been cemented, the happy thoughts which have budded into life, around the odoriferous Christmas pudding, and you will begin to appreciate the nature of its claims upon your regard. Dismiss for a moment your pleasant recollections of its flavour and savour, of its agreeableness to the palate and its gratification to the appetite, its material and sensual side, and you will be free to recognise that it is something more than a dish—a viand—an item, however honoured, of the Christmas menu; that it is, in fact, a grand moral agent which, every year, makes for righteousness and the regeneration of society. I have heard of a pair of lovers composing their transitory differences under its genial influence, of husband and wife working off "a tiff," of rich uncles so softened by it as to "tip" their scapegrace nephews, of philanthropists impelled to seek out and relieve the puddingless poor, of politicians inclined to believe in the honesty of their opponents, of Ritualistic curates taking to their hearts Low Church vicars—and all owing to the magical effects of this best of solvents, the plum-pudding!

It is well known that the great ideas of the world are never the direct offspring of the ingenious minds which first give to them a concrete shape or a definite expression. Like the limbs of Osiris, their different parts are scattered far and wide, until some fortunate genius sees his way to collect them and form them into a perfect whole. The idea of the steam-engine, for instance, had been developed through many intellects before it culminated in the brain of the Greenock watchmaker. The seeds of the Reformation were sown by numerous earnest spirits long before Luther and Calvin came in to reap the harvest. In all probability, such, too, was the genesis of the plum-pudding. I can well imagine that it was at the outset a rude and inchoate affair—like our earth in the ante-palaeozoic ages, or lawn-tennis in its green infancy—and that, like Mrs. Beecher-Stowe's Topsy, it grew. And it would prove an interesting study, if we had the necessary data, to trace the successive stages of its evolution—to differentiate the action of the several minds which, by meditation, study, and experiment, brought it to its present perfection. Whose, for instance, was the fortunate inspiration of introducing into the sweet compound the aroma of "candied peel"? Who, sublimely daring, first dashed in a modicum of *eau-de-vie*? Who so cunningly adjusted the proportions of the different materials? Who suggested the use of spice—hot from the islands of the Eastern seas? Who boiled instead of baked it? This, mark you, is no trifling question; for no small measure of the unrivalled excellence of our pudding is due to its being boiled. Wrapped in its fair white cloth, it holds and jealously retains the various tastes and perfumes which combine to fix its character, as they are gradually and delicately evolved by the action of the ebullient water; whereas, if it were rudely huddled into an open dish, and then thrust into a coarse oven, those fine qualities which constitute its specialty would evaporate and disappear, and the plum-pudding, dried up and exhausted, would become a mere *caput mortuum*, a *simulacrum*, a shadow of itself! All these considerations incline me to believe that the plum-pudding, as we have it now, *teres atque rotundus*, has been the work of several minds. And, indeed, if you come to think of it, no one mind could

have given birth to so grand and glorious a creation. A Shakespeare may create a "Hamlet," or a Milton a "Paradise Lost"; but what is either, in artful and happy complexity, in exact relation of parts, in cunning elaboration of materials, in felicitous harmonising of apparently discordant substances, in the wholesome purpose that pervades the whole, to—the plum-pudding? Can you not fancy that many Shakespeares, many Miltons, have, each in his day and generation, contributed something to the consummation and completeness of this "heir of the ages," this glory of the Christmas season?

Bishop Latimer tells a story of a good fellow who, once upon a time, bade a friend to breakfast with him, observing, "If you will come, you shall be welcome; but I tell you aforehand, you shall have but slender fare—one dish, and that is all." "What is that?" "A pudding, and nothing else." "Marry!" said the intending guest, "you cannot please me better; of all meats, this is for my own tooth. You may draw me round the town with a pudding." This enthusiasm was excusable, perhaps, if its object were a *plum-pudding*. But, after all, it must never be forgotten that the plum-pudding has a loftier and purer mission than merely to please the palate. We have glanced already at its moral side; but it is also symbolical, historical, geographical, allegorical, and cryptical! Its very shape—that of a globe or spheroid—is suggestive, and sets one a-thinking of the kosmos, the mythology of the Hindoos, the "microcosm" of Paracelsus, and other difficult and sublime themes. Then, its outline is the circle—the emblem of eternity—the magic ring—the circle of Ulloa, and so forth. Look, for one moment, at the ingredients. At the egg—what does not that signify to the thoughtful? *Omnia ab ovo*—all things from the egg; Orpheus speaks of the world as having been hatched from an egg, and such was the belief of the Phoenicians, the Egyptians, and other ancient nations; while in all times and places the egg has been taken as the rudimentary principle of life. Bread represents the great staple food of civilised peoples; raisins, or dried grapes, remind us of the wine which maketh glad the heart of man; sugar—spice—each possesses its characteristic property, and each, no doubt, has its esoteric significance. It would not be difficult, moreover, to trace a fine allegory in the use of these various ingredients, and in their final purification, as by fire, before they are blended adequately in the general mass. Or, we might make the pudding the subject of a geographical lecture, and dwell on the different countries which contribute towards this *magnum opus*. But the subject has more possibilities than I can hope to deal with; and, indeed, anyone who knows what has been got by ingenious minds out of a sunflower, will not hesitate to allow that a very great deal more can be got out of a plum-pudding.

W. H. D.-A.

ABOUT SOME GHOSTS.

It is now forty years since the phenomena vouched for by men and women known as "Spiritualists" came into existence. In the month of March, 1848, Miss Kate Fox, a girl of nine years old, and living in the village of Hydesville, New York, was able to interpret certain mysterious knockings—so runs the story—and to discover that a murdered man was buried in the cellar of her father's house. Then followed, either through this girl as medium or through other persons who discovered that they possessed a similar power, a number of strange occurrences. A person was raised in the air in a crowded room, in full daylight; a drumstick was seen beating a drum, with no one near it; a pencil "rose of itself" on a table, and wrote; and a human hand, unattached to a body, did the same thing. Sealed-up letters, written in different languages, were read and answered by "mediums" who knew none of them; and pianos played without performers. Anon these eerie manifestations crossed the Atlantic. Tables were broken to pieces when untouched by mortal hand; sometimes they kicked unpleasantly at unbelievers, or rose in the air, and became "lighter or heavier at request." Figures appeared with dresses from which pieces might be cut that soon melted away; and flowers, seemingly real, vanished in the same fashion. Hand-bells rang of their own accord; and one, Sir David Brewster states, came and placed itself in his hand, while another visited Lord Brougham; and dead friends returned in "absolute unmistakable living form."

These are but a few of the marvels for which "Spiritualists" vouch, and I suppose there are none of us who have not met with persons who declare that they are in communication with deceased friends. I knew a physician of considerable repute who told me that his child-daughter—a child still in the spirit world—came to him nightly; and I know a man, bearing every mark of honesty, who avers that he has been lifted to the ceiling on his own dining-table, and receives letters from his dead mother. No doubt, in the good old times for which some of us sigh, he would have been burnt as a wizard. I am not going now to discuss the truth or falsehood, the illusions or the facts, of spiritualism. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, and this, at least, seems certain, that if modern ghosts do occasionally revisit the glimpses of the moon, they are such friendly, comfortable people that they can alarm nobody.

The late Isaac Taylor, alluding to the famous ghost in the Wesley family, made the suggestion that mischievous spirits of a low order, and, no doubt, soulless, like Undine before she married, do sometimes escape from their confines and play tricks with mortals. Dr. Henry More, the Platonist, seems to have held the same opinion, and after hearing of the "frolic of some demon," observes that "there are as arrant fools out of the body as in the body." This would be a reasonable explanation of the elish mischievous that rings bells, upsets furniture, flings bed-clothes upon the floor, and spends the nights in opening and slamming doors.

Two hundred years ago Joseph Glanvil, F.R.S., Chaplain to King Charles II., and, in Mr. Lecky's judgment, our ablest writer in the defence of the belief in witchcraft, published a book containing "full and plain evidence concerning witches and apparitions"—evidence, by-the-way, that is far oftener full than plain. The witch stories are sad enough, and almost make one wonder how any poor woman with an unscrupulous enemy in the world ever escaped a witch's doom. The ghosts in those days seem to have been troublesome, but they did not kill or materially injure the victims of their sport. Still, a ghost like the "demon of Tedworth," of which we have a minute account in the chaplain's book, could not have been a desirable inmate of a well-regulated family. Mr. Mompesson, the master of the house, had a drum under his care which had been taken from a drummer detected in a cheat. It was the most lively instrument imaginable, and, without being moved from its place, played at night all over the house. The drum was not wanting in politeness, for when Mrs. Mompesson was confined it remained quiet. After her recovery, the noises began again, and not only did the drum beat all the tunes then familiar "as well as any drummer," but the spirit began to lift the children out of their beds, and the servants also. Moreover, it threw an old gentlewoman's clothes about the room and hid her Bible in the ashes, flung a manservant's shoes at his head, and was heard to pant like a dog out of breath or to purr like a cat. Then we read how a board came

up to a manservant who called it; how Mr. Mompesson found his horse with "one of his hinder legs in his mouth, and so fastened there that it was difficult for several men to get it out with a lever," and how, in sight of all the company, "the chairs walked about the room of themselves, the children's shoes were hurled over their heads, and every loose thing moved about the chamber."

Glanvil's strange book contains stories of men carried up into the air, of furniture "rudely scattered on the floor" by an unseen power, of a tobacco-pipe and a knife moving of their own accord, of a saddle that would "hop about the house from one place to another," of bed-clothes tugged and pulled—this seems a standard joke with these lively spirits—and of "a naked hand and an arm from the elbow down beating upon the floor till the house did shake again." There is also in Glanvil's collection of ghost-stories an account of the "strange passages" that happened at Woodstock in 1649, in which the ghost known as "the good devil of Woodstock" singularly favoured the Royalists. Unfortunately, for the credit of spirits, this devil, as Sir Walter Scott relates, was a man called Funny Joe; but it is not at all clear how he could with any amount of assistance have done without detection some of the feats recorded.

With ghosts and their achievements generally I have nothing to do just now, and so I will pass from the year 1661, when Mompesson's ghost made its appearance, to the year 1716, when a similar, but much more famous, ghost excited the attention of the Wesley family.

There never was a domestic ghost more curiously and carefully watched than "Jeffrey." A large family was engaged for weeks in listening to his performances, and there seems to have been little fear of this uninvited guest. It was a mischievous spirit of the kind that troubled Mompesson, a very noisy ghost, full of fun and fond of what is called horseplay. Now it would come to the bedside and gobble like a turkey-cock; now it would walk about invisible in a rustling gown, or shake the whole house as it went up the stairs; now, being an adherent of the Stuarts, it would object by a violent knocking to Mr. Wesley's prayer for King William; now it seemed to Mrs. Wesley as if somebody had emptied a bag of money at her feet; now it appeared to one of the Wesley girls as a man with a loose nightgown trailing after him; and now, as the young ladies were sitting on a bed playing at cards, it lifted the bed up several times and spoilt their game. Like the spirits known in our day, if it were addressed it would answer by knocking; but alas! no alphabet for ghosts had then been discovered, and what the restless phantom wanted will never be known.

Some attempts, very unsuccessful I think, have been made to account for "Jeffrey." Coleridge thought the whole thing was merely a contagious fancy and that there was no objective reality in the noises. But, we must remember, that in this case the presence of the ghost was announced not by hearing only, but by feeling, and, though less certainly, by sight. Samuel Wesley, the elder brother of John, and a man of shrewd sense, asked for the testimony of two senses, while admitting that it was morally impossible the hearing of so many people could be deceived. And not only was a queer shape seen more than once, but a plate danced upon the table, and old Mr. Wesley was three times pushed against by an invisible power. Doors, too, were thrown open, the door-latches were moved swiftly up and down, and the young children of the family trembled violently in their sleep. It is worth noting that "Jeffrey" and the Mompesson ghost seem to have played the greatest freaks before the most ignorant members of the two families, the menservants in each case telling the strangest stories; but in the Wesley family the noises were rarely accompanied by such acts of mischief as Glanvil records. Many years ago an attempt was made—by Dr. Salmon, in the *Fortnightly Review*—to account, in a very mundane way, for the rappings of the Epworth Ghost; and his argument, suggesting that the whole affair was due to one of the daughters of the house, is certainly ingenious. But it is simply impossible that the noises, if accurately reported, could have been made by Hetty Wesley; and, if it were not impossible, it is wholly beyond belief that a girl of nineteen, brought up to reverence her parents, would have dared to practise such dangerous tricks upon them. The modern "spiritualist" will find, I suppose, no difficulty in explaining a story which, according to Dr. Priestley, is, "perhaps, the best authenticated of the kind anywhere extant"; but most readers of the curious narrative will probably be inclined to agree with the reply of Samuel Wesley, when his mother asked if he could suggest an explanation: "Wit, I fancy, might find many; but wisdom, none."

J. D.

The Rev. H. E. J. Bevan, Rector of St. Andrew's, Stoke Newington, has been appointed Gresham Lecturer in Divinity, in the room of the late Dean of Chichester.

Mr. Justice Denman and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith will be the Christmas Vacation Judges. There will be no sittings in court during the vacation.

The Marquis of Salisbury has granted a reduction of twenty per cent off the half-year's rents of the agricultural tenants on his Hertfordshire estates.

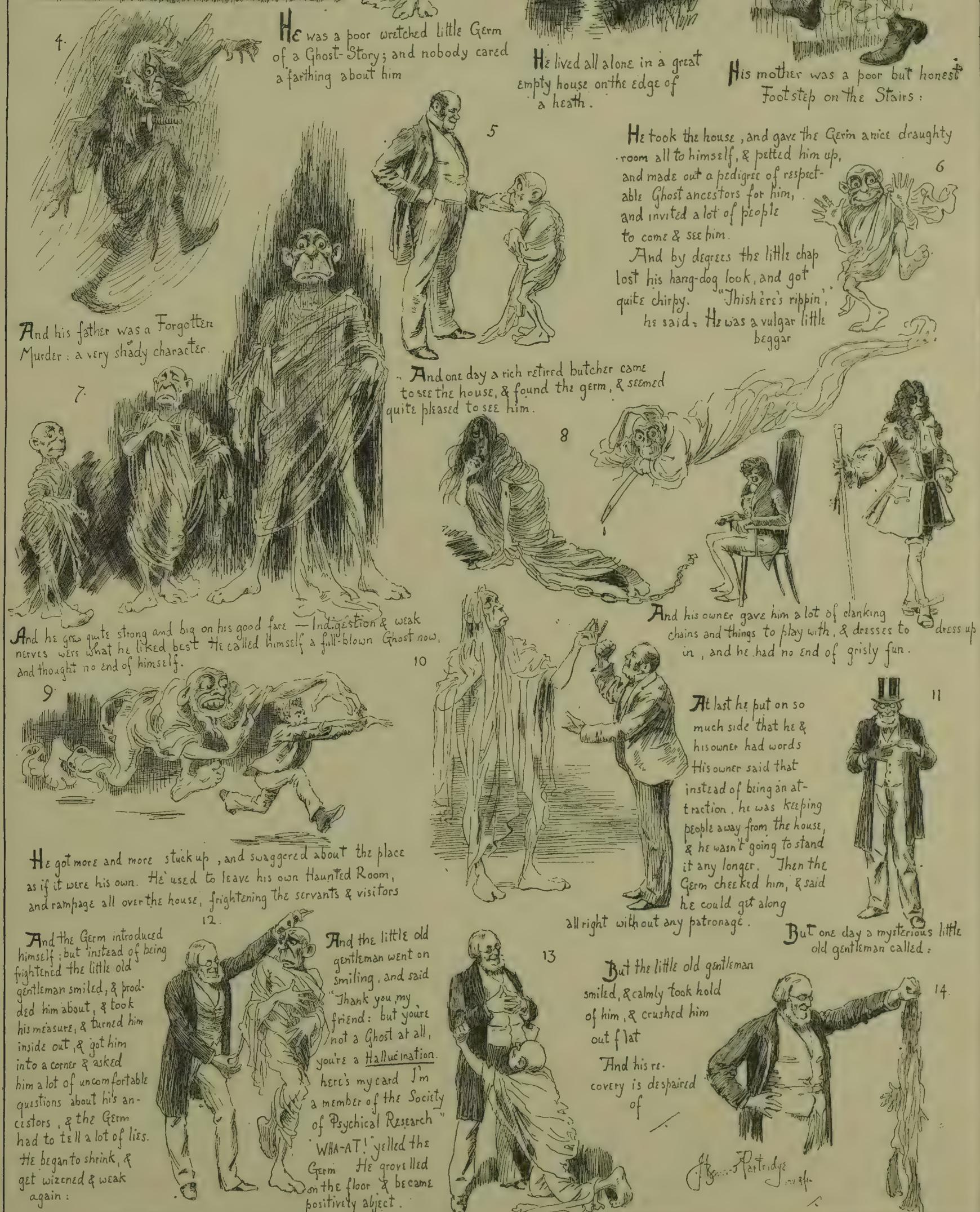
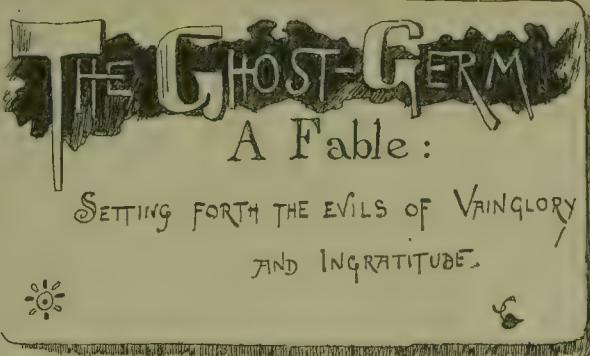
The historic ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds, have been sold to a number of gentlemen of Leeds for £10,000, and the Abbey House for £3500. The ruins, which are enclosed in twelve acres of land, will be retained for the use of the public.

At the annual meeting of the Society of Medalists, the Hon. C. W. Fremantle, Deputy Master of the Mint, was re-elected President, and Mr. R. Stuart Poole and Mr. H. A. Grueber, of the British Museum, hon. secretaries. The society determined to offer in 1889 two prizes of the value of £25 and £10 for medals or models of medals in bronze and plaster.

Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., of 3, Royal Exchange, are to fore again with their Diaries for 1889, of various forms and sizes, arranged so as to meet the requirements of nearly every class, and containing valuable information on subjects of daily life. They are all strongly bound, and practical usefulness seems to have been the chief aim of the publishers.

The annual distribution of medals and prizes to the students of the West London School of Art took place at Great Titchfield-street on Dec. 14, Mr. G. A. Thrupp, Chairman of the School Committee, presiding. The report, as read by the headmaster, Mr. John Parker, showed the school to be in a satisfactory condition. In the national art competition their successes were more numerous during the past year than they had ever been. Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., distributed the prizes.

Mr. Robert Field presided on Dec. 14 over the half-yearly general court and election of the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society, held at the Cannon-street Hotel, when twenty-five children—fifteen boys and ten girls—were elected. The institution is the only charity which aims at the relief of those who, once in prosperous circumstances, find themselves reduced from affluence to indigence. To them the society offers help in the maintenance and education of their children.



FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.



"it," said Barnaby, on the third morning—the weather continuing fine, and the sea clear of ships—"that we are now clear out of the track of any British vessels. We may fall into the hands of the Spaniard; but he is mild and merciful of late compared with his temper a hundred years ago. 'Tis true we have given him many lessons in humanity. We should now before nightfall make the islands of Testigos; but I think they are only rocks and sandy flats, such as they call Keys, where we need not land, seeing that we should get nothing by so doing, except

to go out of the way, and so make the rations shorter. Robin"—'twas at breakfast, when he served out a dram of wine to everyone—"I drink to thy better health, lad. Thou hast cheated the Devil. Nay, Sis, look not so angry!—I meant, thou wilt not go to heaven this bout. Up heart, then, and get strong! We will find thee another sweetheart, who shall make thee lift up thy head again. What? Is there but one woman in the world?

"I was saying, then," he went on, "that we shall presently make the islands of Testigos. There followeth thereafter, to one who steereth west, a swarm of little islands. 'Twas here that the pirates used to lie in the good old days, snug and retired, with their girls and their drink. Ay, and plenty of both! A happy time they had!" Barnaby wagged his head and sighed. "South of this archipelago (which I will some day visit, in order to search for treasure) there lieth the great and mountainous island of Margaritos. This great island we shall do well to keep upon our south, and so bear away to the desert island of Tortuga, where we shall find water for certain—and that, I have been told, the best spring water that flows; turtles we may also find, and fish we may catch; and when we have recovered our strength, with a few days' rest ashore, we will once more put to sea and make for the island of Curaçao and the protection of the Dutchmen."

It needs not to tell much more about the voyage, in which we were favoured by Heaven with everything that we could desire—a steady breeze from the best quarter, a sea never too rough, provisions in sufficiency, the absence of any ships, and, above all, the recovery of Robin.

I say, then, that we sighted (and presently passed) the group of islets called the Testigos; that we coasted along the great island of Margaritos, where we landed not, because Barnaby feared that certain smoke which we saw might betoken the presence of the Spaniard, whom, in spite of his new character for mildness, he was anxious to avoid. 'Tis strange thus to sail along the shore of a great island whereon are no inhabitants, or, if any, a few sailors put in for water, for turtle, and for cocoanuts—to see afar off the forests climbing round the mountain sides, the waterfalls leaping over the precipices—and to think of the happy life one might lead in such a place, far from men and their ways. I confess (since my Mistress will never see this page) that my thoughts for a whole day, while we sailed along the shores of Margaritos, turned upon those pirates of whom Barnaby spoke. They lived here at ease, and in great happiness. 'Tis of such a life that a man sometimes dreams. But if he were suffered so to lie in sloth, farewell heaven! Farewell future hopes! Farewell our old talk of lifting the soul above the flesh! Let us henceforth live the lives of those who are content (since they can have no more) with a few years of love and wine and revelry! It is in climates like that of the West Indies that such a temptation seizes on men the most strongly, for here everything is made for man's enjoyment: here is no cold, no frost, no snow or ice; here eternal summer reigns, and the world seems made for the senses and for nothing else. Of these confessions enough. 'Twas impossible that in such a luxurious dream the image of Alice could have any part.

We landed, therefore, on the desert island of Tortuga, where we remained for several days, hauling up our boat and covering her with branches to keep off the sun. Here we lived luxuriously upon turtle, fresh fish, the remains of our bread, and what was left of our canary; setting up huts in which we could sleep, and finding water of the freshest and brightest I ever saw. Here Robin mended apace and began to walk about with no more help from his nurses.

We were minded, as I have said, to sail as far as the island of Curaçao, but an accident prevented this.

One day, when we had been ashore for ten days or thereabouts, we were terrified by the sight of a small vessel rigged in the fashion of a ketch—that is, with a small mizen—beating about outside the bay which is the only port of Tortuga.

"She will put in here," said Barnaby. "That is most certain. Now, from the cut of her she is of New England build, and from the handling of her she is under-manned; and I think that we have nothing to fear from her, unless she is bound for Barbados, or for Grenada, or Jumia."

Presently the vessel came to anchor, and a small boat was lowered, into which three men descended. They were unarmed.

"She is certainly from New England," said Barnaby. "Well, they are not from Barbados in quest of us, otherwise they would not send ashore three unarmed men to capture four desperate men. That is certain. And as we cannot hide our boat, though we might hide ourselves, I will e'en go forth and parley with these strangers."

This he did, we watching from a safe place. The conversation was long and earnest, and, apparently, friendly. Presently Barnaby returned to us.

"There offers," he said, "a chance which is perhaps better than to make for Curaçao, where, after all, we might get scurvy treatment. These men, in a word, are privateers; or, since we are at war with none, they are pirates. They fitted out a brigantine, or bilander (I know not which), and designed to sail round Cape Horn to attack the Spaniard on the South Seas. On the way they took a prize, which you now see in the

bay. Six men were sent aboard to navigate her as a tender to their ship. But they fell into bad weather off Brazil, and their ship went down with all hands. Now they are bound for Providence, only four hands left, and they will take us aboard and carry us to that island for our services. Truly, I think we should go. They have provisions in plenty, with Madeira wine; and Providence is too far for the arm of King James to reach. What say ye all? Alice, what sayest thou?"

"Truly, Brother, I say nothing."

"Then we will agree, and go with them."

We went on board, taking with us a good supply of turtle, clear water, and cocoanuts (being all that the isle afforded). Honest fellows we found our pirates to be. They belonged to the island of Providence, in the Bahamas, which hath long been the rendezvous of English privateers. Ten years before this the Spaniards plucked up courage to attack and destroy the settlement, when those who escaped destruction found shelter in some of the adjacent islands, or on the mainland of Virginia. Now some of them have come back again, and this settlement, or colony, is re-established.

Thither, therefore, we sailed. It seemed as if we were become a mere shuttlecock of fortune, beaten and driven hither and thither upon the face of the earth.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE ISLAND OF PROVIDENCE.

It was some time in the month of March, A.D. 1686, that we landed in Providence. The settlement—from which the Spaniards had now nothing to fear—then consisted (it is now, I learn, much larger) of no more than one hundred and fifty people in all, the men being all sailors, and ready to carry on again the old trade of privateer or pirate, as you please to call it, when they should be strong enough to buy or hire a ship and to equip her.

We stayed on the island for two years and a quarter, or thereabouts. It is one of an archipelago, for the most part, I believe, desert. The settlement was, as I have said, but a small one, living in scattered houses; there were plenty of these to spare (which had belonged to the former settlement) if one only took the trouble to clear away the creeping plants and cut down the trees which had grown up round them since the Spaniards came and destroyed the colony. Such a house, built of wood, with a shingle roof, we found convenient for us; and after we had cleared the ground round it and repaired it, we lived in it. Some of the people helped us to a porker or two and some chickens. They also gave us some salt beef and maize to start with. That we had little money (only what was left over from the sale of Alice's ring) made no difference to us here, because no one had any at all, and at this time there was neither buying nor selling on the island—a happy condition of things which will not, I take it, last long. So great is the fertility of the ground here, and such is the abundance which prevails, that we very shortly found ourselves provided with all that we wanted to make life pleasant. Work there was for us, but easy and pleasant work, such as weeding our patches of vegetables and fruit in the early mornings; or going to fish; or planting maize; or attending to our pigs, poultry, and turkeys; and, for the rest of the time, sitting in the shade conversing. It is never too hot in this place, though one would not in the summer walk abroad at noon; nor is it ever too cold. All the fruits which flourish under the tropics grow here, with those also which belong to the temperate zone. Here are splendid forests where you can cut the mahogany-tree and build your house if you please of that lovely wood. Here we ourselves grew, for our own use, maize, tobacco, coffee, cocoa, plantains, pines, potatoes, and many other fruits and vegetables.

Barnaby soon grew tired of this quiet life, and went on board a steamer bound for New England, promising that we should hear from him. After many months we did receive a letter from him, as you shall immediately learn. When he was gone we carried on a quiet and peaceful life. Books, paper, and pen there were none upon this island. Nor were there any clothes, so that the raggedness of our attire (we were dressed in the sailors' clothes our friends the privateers gave us) became incredible. I made some kind of guitar on which we played, and in the evening we would have very good playing and singing together of such pieces and songs as we could remember. I made verses, too, for amusement, and Alice learned them. We found our brother-settlers a rough but honest folk, to whom we taught many arts: how to procure sea-salt; how to make wine from pine-apples; how to cure the tobacco-leaf—things which greatly added to their comfort, and, seeing that there was no church on the island, we every Sabbath held a meeting for prayer and exhortation.

Seeing, then, that we had all that man could desire—with perfect freedom from anxiety, our liberty, a delightful climate, plenty to eat and drink—ay, and of the very best—and that at home there was nothing for us but prison again, and to be sent back to the place whence we had escaped; we ought, everyone will acknowledge, to have felt the greatest contentment and gratitude for this sure and quiet refuge. We did not.

The only contented members of our household were John Nuthall and the woman Deb, who cheerfully cultivated the garden and fed the poultry and the pigs (for we had now everything around us that is wanting to make life pleasant). Yet, I say, we were not contented. I could read the signs of impatience in the face whose changes I had studied for so long. Other women would have shown their discontent in ill-temper and a shrewish tongue, Alice showed hers in silence, sitting apart, and communing with herself. I dare say I also showed my own discontent; for I confess that I now began to long vehemently for books. Consider, it was more than two years since I had seen a book! There were no books at all on the island of Providence—not one book, except a Bible or two, and, perhaps, a Book of Common Prayer. I longed, therefore, for the smell of leather bindings, the sight of books on shelves, and the holy company of the wise and the ingenious. No one, again, could look upon Robin without perceiving that he was afflicted with a constant yearning for that which he could not have. What that was I understood very well, although he never opened his mind unto me.

Now, I confess that at this time I was grievously tormented with the thought that, Alice's marriage having been no true marriage—because, first, she was betrayed and deceived, and next, she had left her husband at the very church porch—there was no reason in the world why she should not disregard that ceremony altogether, and contract a marriage after her own heart. I turned this over in my mind a long while; and, indeed, I am still of the opinion that there would have been nothing sinful in such an act. But the law of our country would not so regard it. That is quite true. If, therefore, I had advised these unhappy lovers in such a sense, they would have been compelled to live for the rest of their lives on this island, and their offspring would have been illegitimate. So that, though the letter of the law caused a most cruel injustice—*summum jus, sumnum nefas*—it was better that it should be obeyed. In the end, it was a most happy circumstance that it was so obeyed.

I have presently to relate the means by which this injustice was removed. As for my own share in it, I shall neither

exaggerate nor shall I extenuate it. I shall not defend it. I will simply set it down, and leave judgment to a higher Court than the opinion of those who read these pages. I must, however, acknowledge that, partly in Barbados and partly on Providence, I learned from the negroes, who possess many secrets, and have a wonderful knowledge of plants and their powers, the simple remedies with which they treat fevers, agues, rheumatisms, and other common disorders. I say simple, because they will, with a single cup of liquor boiled with certain leaves, or with a pinch of some potent powder gotten from a plant, effect a speedier cure than our longest prescriptions, even though they contain more than fifty different ingredients. Had I possessed this knowledge, for example, while we lay in Exeter Jail, not one prisoner (except the old and feeble) should have died of the fever. This said, you will understand presently what it was I did.

It was, then, about the month of March, in the year 1688, that a ship, laden with wine, and bound from New York to Jamaica, put in at the port of Providence. Her Captain carried a letter for me, and this was the first news of the world that came to us since our flight.

The letter was from Barnaby. It was short, because Barnaby had never practised the art of letter-writing; but it was pertinent. First, he told us that he had made the acquaintance at Boston (I mean the little town Boston of New England) of his cousins, whom he found to be substantial merchants (so that here, at least, the man George Penne lied not) and zealous upholders of the Independent way of thinking; that these cousins had given him a hearty welcome for the sake of his father; that he had learned from them, first, that the Monmouth business was long since concluded, and, so great was the public indignation against the cruelties of the Bloody Assize, that no one would again be molested on that account, not even those who had been sent abroad should they venture to return. He also said—but this we understood not—that it was thought things would before long improve.

"And now," he concluded, "my cousins, finding that I am well skilled and have already navigated a ship with credit, have made me Captain of their own vessel, the Pilgrim, which sails every year to Bristol and back again. She will be dispatched in the month of August or September. Come, therefore, by the first-ship which will set you ashore either at New York or at Boston, and I will give you all a passage home. Afterwards, if you find not a welcome there, you may come back with me. Here a physician may find practice, Robin may find a farm, and sister will be safe from B. B."

At this proposal we pricked up our ears, as you may very well believe. Finally, we resolved to agree to it, promising each other to protect Alice from her husband and to go back to Boston with Barnaby if we found no reason to stay in England. But the woman Deb, though she wept at leaving her mistress, would not go back to the place where her past wickedness might be remembered, and John Nuthall was also unwilling, for the same reason, to return; and, as this honest couple had now a kindness for each other, I advised them to marry and remain where they were. There was on the island no minister of religion, nor any magistrate or form of government whatever (yet all were honest), therefore I ventured to hear their vows of fidelity and prayed with them while I joined their hands—a form of marriage, to my mind, as binding and as sacred as any wanting the assistance of a priest. So we handed over to them all our property (which was already as much theirs as ours) and left them in that sunny and delightful place. If the man was a repentant thief, the woman was a repentant Magdalen, and so they were well matched. I hope and believe that, being well resolved for the future, they may have led a godly and virtuous life, and been blessed with children who will never learn the reason why their parents left their native country.

There is little trade at Providence, but many vessels touch at the port, because it lies between the English possessions in America and those in the West Indies. They put in for water, for fruit, and sometimes, if they are short-handed, for men, most of them in the place being sailors. Therefore we had not to wait long before a vessel put in bound from Jamaica to New York. We bargained with the Captain for a passage, agreeing that he should find us provisions and wine, and that we would pay him (by means of Barnaby) on our reaching Boston (which is but a short distance from New York). Strange to say, though we had been discontented with our lot, when we sailed away, Alice fell to weeping. We had murmured, and our murmuring was heard. We shall now live out what is left to us in England, and we shall die and be buried among our own folk. Yet there are times when I remember the sweet and tranquil life we led in the island of Providence, its soft and sunny air, the cool sea-breeze, the shade of its orange groves, and the fruits which grew in such abundance ready to our hands.

CHAPTER XLIX.

HOME.

In one thing alone the villain Penne spoke the truth. The Eykin family of Boston (I say again of New England) was one of the most considerable in the place—great sticklers for freedom and for religion (but, indeed, it is a most God-fearing town, and severe towards transgressors). They received us with so much kindness that nothing could surpass it; we were treated as Christian martyrs at the least, and towards Alice, of whose cruel lot they had heard from Barnaby, they showed (but that no one could help) an affection quite uncommon. They generously furnished us all with apparel becoming our station, and with money for our daily occasions; they approved of our going with Barnaby; but, in the event of our finding no welcome or means of a livelihood at home, and if Alice should be molested by her husband, they engaged us to return to New England. Here, they said, Robin might become a farmer, if he had no inclination for trade; they would joyfully receive Alice to live with them; and I myself would certainly find practice as a physician; while Barnaby should continue to command their ship. When I considered the many conveniences which exist in Boston (it is already, though young, better provided with everything than Barbados) the wholesome air and pleasant climate, the books which are there, the printing press which hath already been established, the learned ministers, the college, the schools, and the freedom of religion, I should have been nothing loth to remain there. But I was constrained first to go home. I found also, which astonished me, so great a love of liberty that the people speak slightly of the English at home, who tamely suffer the disabilities of the Nonconformists and the prerogative of the Crown; and they ask why, when the country had succeeded in establishing a Commonwealth, they could not keep it? It certainly cannot be denied, as they argue, that Israel acted against the will of the Lord in seeking a king.

So we left them. But in how changed a condition did we now cross the ocean! Instead of huddling in a noisome and stinking dungeon, unclean for want of water, ill-fed, and with no change of raiment, we had now comfortable cabins, clothes such as become a gentleman, and food of the best. And Barnaby, who had then sat humbly in the waist, where the prisoners were confined, now walked the quarter-deck—a laced



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Barnaby intended to draw from his head four of his stoutest and strongest grinders. This, in a word, he did; the man with him dragging them out with the pincers, Barnaby holding the pistol to the poor wretch's head, so that he should not bellow and call for assistance.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

kerchief round his neck, lace ruffles at his wrist, a scarlet coat, a sword at his side, and gold lace in his hat: the Captain of the ship.

The winds were contrary, and it was not until the last days of October, in the year 1688, that we arrived at Bristol. Here we lay for a few days, while Barnaby transacted his business, resolving to remain in retirement, for fear of accidents, until our Captain should be ready to ride with us to Bradford Orcas.

The first news we learned was joyful, indeed. It was that the Prince of Orange himself was about to invade England, with intent to drive his father-in-law from the throne. (He had, indeed, already sailed, but his fleet was driven back by a storm.) It was also stated that he had with him a great army of Dutch and English, and such preparations of arms and ammunition as (it was hoped) would make such a failure as that of our unhappy Duke impossible.

We also confirmed Barnaby's information that Monmouth's men could now go about without fear or molestation.

As to the position of affairs at Bradford Orcas, we could learn nothing.

There was one point in which I was curious—namely, as to what Barnaby would do in the matter of the villain Penne. On the one hand, it was certain that Barnaby would not forget this man, nor was he likely to sit down with his arms folded after he had been robbed of so great a sum.

Therefore, I was not surprised when, the evening before we rode out of Bristol, he brought a bag of blue cloth in his hands and poured out the contents—a vast shower of gold pieces—into the lap of his astonished sister.

"Alice," he said, "I bring you back your money. You will find it all here, and Mr. Boscorel's money to boot. He hath disgorged."

With that he sat down and laughed, but as one who hath a joke in secret, and would tell us no more.

For a day or two after this he would (on the road to Bradford Orcas) begin to laugh at intervals, rolling about in his saddle, shaking his sides, choking with laughter; insomuch that I presently lost patience with him, and, as a physician, ordered him instantly to make full confidence, or I would not answer for it but he would have a fit.

Then he told us what he had done.

Towards five in the afternoon, when the autumn day is ending, he repaired to the man Penne's counting-house (a place easily found on inquiry), having with him one of those fellows who bawl at fairs, selling medicines and charms, drawing teeth, letting blood, and so forth. At the sight of a sea Captain, many of whom came to this place, the worthy merchant's servant, without suspicion, opened the door of the private office, or chamber, where Mr. Penne transacted his affairs. Barnaby found him dozing by the fire, his wig on the table, a silk handkerchief over his head, and the candles already lighted.

He awoke, however, on the opening of the door.

"Friend," said Barnaby, "I am Captain Barnaby Eykin, commanding the ship Pilgrim, from Boston—at your service. I am also brother to the young woman Alice Eykin, whom you robbed ('twas my money) of two hundred and fifty pounds, and afterwards kidnapped."

Mr. Penne looked about him, and would have cried out for assistance; but Barnaby clapped a pistol to his forehead. Then he sank in his chair and gasped.

"Stir not," said his enemy, "I am also one of the three rebels for whose ransom the Reverend Philip Boscorel, Rector of Bradford Orcas, paid the sum of two hundred and ten pounds—which you have also stolen."

"Sir," said Mr. Penne, "upon my honour those moneys were sent to Barbados. Upon my honour, Sir."

"You will therefore," said Barnaby, taking no heed of this assurance, "pay over to me the sum of four hundred and sixty pounds, with interest at five per cent for three years, which I have calculated; the whole amount is five hundred and twenty-nine pounds. Begin by paying this." Well, to make a long story short, though the man protested that he had not so much in the world, yet he presently opened his strong-box and counted out the money, all in gold. This done, he hoped to be let off.

"There now remains," said Barnaby, "the punishment—Time presses. Perhaps I shall come back. I did intend to kill thee, brother, for thy great villainy. However!"

He then beckoned the man with him, who lugged out of his pocket an instrument which made Mr. Penne shake and quake with terror. Barnaby then informed his victim that as he had been the means of inflicting grievous bodily suffering upon four undeserving people, it was meet and right that he himself should experience something which, by its present agony, should make him compassionate for the future, and by its permanence of injury should prevent his ever forgetting that compassion for the rest of his life.

He therefore, he told him, intended to draw from his head four of his stoutest and strongest grinders.

This, in a word, he did, the man with him dragging them out with the pincers. Barnaby holding the pistol to the poor wretch's head, so that he should not bellow and call for assistance.

His laughter was caused by the remembrance of the twisting of the man's features in this agony, and by his moanings and groanings. The grinders he had brought away with him in his pocket, and showed them in triumph.

It was late in the afternoon when we rode into Bradford Orcas. The wintry sun, now setting, lay upon the woods, yellow and red with the autumn leaves not yet fallen. As we neared the village the sun went down, and a mist began to rise. The doors were closed, and no one looked forth to greet us; the old cottage where Alice was born and lived so long was empty still; the door was open, the shutter hung upon one hinge; the honey hives were overturned, the thatch was broken; the garden was neglected.

"Why, Sis," said Barnaby, "thy mother is not there; nor Dad—is he?—poor old Dad!"

We rode up the village till we came to the church, and the Manor House beside it. Alas! the house itself was closed, which had formerly stood open to all. There was no smoke from its chimneys, and the grass grew in the courtyard. We dismounted and opened the door, which was not locked. We went into the house: all was cold, empty, and deserted. The twilight falling outside made the rooms dark. Beside the fireplace stood Sir Christopher's great chair, empty; his tankard was on the table and his tobacco-pipe, and—strange!—there lay, forgotten, the unhappy Duke's Proclamation.

Then a truly wonderful thing happened. Barnaby says that I must have dreamed it, for he saw nothing. Suddenly Sir Christopher himself appeared sitting in the chair; on his knees lay the Bible open. Beside him stood, with upraised forefinger, as if commenting on some knotty point, the Rev. Dr. Comfort Eykin. I declare that I saw them plainly, as plainly as I now behold the paper on which I write. They were but as shadows in the dark shadows of the empty room, and they appeared but for a moment and then vanished, and I saw them no more.

"Come to the Rectory," said Robin: "it chokes us to be here."

"Listen," said Alice, outside the house.

From the Rectory there came the sound of a violoncello. Then was the good Rector himself there, comforting his soul.

We opened the garden-gate and walked softly across the lawn and looked in at the window (twas made after the foreign fashion, to open upon the lawn). Beside the fire sat Madam, her hands clasped, thin, pale, and aged before her time. Thus had she sat for three long years, still waiting for news of her son.

The Rector laid down his bow, crossed the room and sat down to the spinnet (on which he played prettily, but not with such command as he possessed over the other instrument). He played—I caught Alice's hand—an air of my own making to which I had set certain words, also of mine own.

Then, while he played, we began to sing outside the window, Alice singing treble, or first, and I the second part, the words of that little song. We sang it *piano*, or softly, at first, and then *crescendo*, or louder:

As rides the moon in azure skies
The twinkling stars beside;
As when in splendour she doth rise,
The lesser lights do hide.
So beside Celia, when her face we see,
All unregarded other maidens be.

When we began, softly as I said, the Rector looked round him, playing still and listening. He thought the voices were in his own brain—echoes or memories of the past. Madam heard them, too, and sat up listening as one who listens in a dream. When we sang louder Madam sprang to her feet, and held out her arms—but the Rector played the verse quite through. Then he opened the window for us.

"My son! my son!" cried Madam.

(To be continued.)

At Billingsgate Market in November the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized 82 tons 4 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food. Of this, 68 tons were wet fish and 14 tons shell fish; 18 tons came by land and 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ tons by water. The total weight of fish delivered at Billingsgate during the month was 11,621 tons.

The statistics of the grain crops in Great Britain for the year 1888 have been issued from the Privy Council Office. The estimated produce of wheat is 71,939,647 bushels, which is a decrease of nearly two and a half millions upon 1887, from an acreage which is greater by about 250,000 acres. The estimated average yield per acre is 28·05 bushels, as compared with 32·07 in 1887. A note states that there is a large proportion of light corn, and that generally the grain is inferior in quality. Barley, from practically the same acreage as that of 1887, is estimated to yield 68,482,089 bushels, being at the rate of 32·84 bushels per acre, compared with 31·32 bushels in 1887. Oats, from a slightly decreased acreage, are estimated to produce 107,344,099 bushels, the yield per acre being 37·24 bushels in 1888 and 34·74 in 1887.

The Local Examinations of the University of Cambridge commenced on Dec. 17. There are 10,027 candidates, of whom 5,869 are boys and 4,158 are girls; 2,143 being senior students and 7,884 junior. Two-thirds of the junior students are boys, and considerably more than two-thirds of the senior students are girls. The examinations are held at 169 centres for boys, including 12 colonial centres; and at 149 centres for girls, including 6 colonial centres. A supplementary Higher Local Examination is held at the same time in the mathematical and language groups only; 200 candidates are entered at 21 of the centres, in addition to 973 examined at the usual time in June. The first examination for the commercial certificates of the syndicate is also held at the same time; 49 candidates are entered at 23 of the centres.

NEW TALE BY MR. RIDER HAGGARD.

The first Instalment of a New Serial Story, of absorbing interest, entitled CLEOPATRA (being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian, as set forth by his own hand), written by H. RIDER HAGGARD expressly for this Paper, and Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE, will be given in the Number for Jan. 5, 1889, beginning a New Volume.

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POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,

DECEMBER 22, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Two-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Three-halfpenny.

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WOODS.

Early winter is the time for planting trees. No operation of growth is hindered then by the digging up of the roots, and the open weather which generally prevails at this season allows the young saplings to make themselves at home in the soil before actual frost and snow set in.

When the modest cost of plants and transplanting is considered, together with the permanent value which the slight trouble confers upon otherwise worthless ground, the marvel is that a greater extent of land is not yearly laid down with woods. Plantations, it is true, are the slowest crops in yielding a return to their possessor, and to this fact may be ascribed the apparent unwillingness of small proprietors to invest their capital in timber-growing. But even among large landowners, who might be supposed to look further ahead, the planting of trees does not receive nearly the amount of attention which it deserves. Many, possibly, do not care to sow where their successors only may be left to reap; and so, waste lands which by the expenditure of but little capital might become property of rapidly increasing value are left unused and unremunerative. Yet the return from plantations judiciously laid out is by no means so slow as is generally supposed, and when the high rate of profit which they yield is considered, together with the fact that almost any kind of land will bear trees, it seems strange that this source of wealth is not better attended to. Even the small farming proprietor, owning his few hundred acres, would find it greatly to his advantage to plant the odd nooks and corners of his ground with a variety of fruit and forest trees. The small sum of three or four pounds per annum laid out by each farmer in a parish, would in ten years produce a surprising difference in the value and appearance of the countryside. Besides affording admirable shelter for his pastures, a farmer's coppices would furnish him from their thinnings with all the wood annually necessary for fencing and other purposes; the sale of fruit would presently make an appreciable increase to his income; and the remaining forest trees would be continually adding capital value to his property.

For the larger proprietors of land, however, the planting of trees possesses even more vital interest. By this means not only may large tracts of land, otherwise valueless, be made perhaps the most valuable part of a property, but by the shelter which they afford to the adjacent country they may render it immensely more useful and productive. Perhaps the most impracticable stretch of land in the west of Europe used to be that, in the Gulf of Gascony, between Bordeaux and Bayonne. For ages the soil there, along the coast, had been nothing but a waste of sand-dunes blown by the wind. In 1789, however, the French Government began to plant that waste with pinaster pines. By the year 1815 there were 13,000 acres covered with wood; and at the present day these former sand-dunes are forests of immense extent, and yield an enormous revenue. A similar enterprise was carried out some fifty years ago on the shore of the Moray Firth, in the north of Scotland, where several miles of what were once nothing but hillocks of drifting sand are now handsome and valuable woods. Ingenious, though simple, means had to be employed in both of these cases in order to allow the seedling trees to attain foothold. In France the method adopted was to sow broom along with the pinaster seed, and, to prevent the seeds being blown altogether away, the belts of sand in which they were sown were covered with branches of trees, rushes, or seaweeds. By this device the more quickly-growing broom sprang up and protected the young pinasters until the latter were tall and strong enough to hold their own. In Scotland the same purpose was served by the throwing up of a rude turf dyke. These precautions are, however, by no means necessary where the soil is firm and where the sea-wind has not to be contended with; and there is not a moor so bleak in the north but what, by simply putting in the plants, and for a few years affording them protection from the deer, might become luxuriant and valuable forest-land. M. Boppe, the French forestry expert employed to make a survey by the British Government, reported that to the north of a line drawn from Perth to Greenock there were 5,000,000 acres now considered waste land which might be utilised for the raising of valuable timber forests. Alder will grow in the boggiest hollow, and the heights are the natural home of the pine.

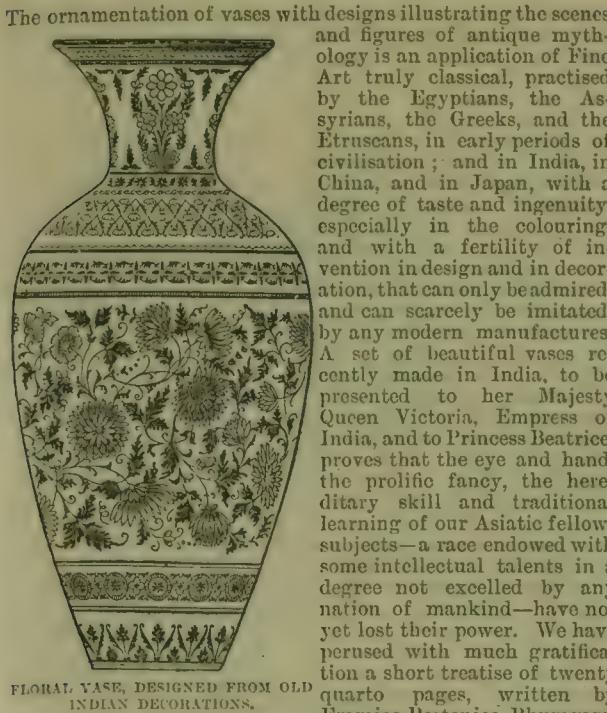
The time which must elapse before such plantations can become remunerative is commonly over-estimated. Take the most unfavourable instance—that of the woods covering part of the Culbin Sands on the shore of the Moray Firth. In twenty-five years the thinning of the plantations there, disposed of for mine-props, had paid the whole cost of fencing, planting, road-making, and forestry, with interest on all outlay. The revenue after that time has been calculated at from eight shillings to ten shillings per acre; and at the age of seventy years, when the wood should be mature, a moderate estimate of its value sets it at £100 per acre. The ordinary calculation and experience is that in the first twenty years plantations pay their own entire cost, with interest; while at the age of fifty years they have yielded in hard cash and have attained in standing value the sum of about £60 per acre. When it is remembered that this refers to land which may have been previously worth only 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. of annual rent per acre as sheep farm or grouse moor, the immense profit of forest-planting becomes obvious. Further, it should be remarked that, owing to the rapid depletion now going on of the American forests, from which so large a part of our timber supply is derived, the value of plantations in our own country is likely to be enormously increased during the next half century.

The value of wood-culture, nevertheless, is not all to be counted by the return made in hard cash. Apart from the mildness of climate induced by wide tracts of forest land, it is well known that both agricultural crops and cattle thrive very much better when sheltered from bleak keen winds by judicious belts of woodland; and it has already been proved that large tracts of moorland and mountain-side, previously altogether barren, have by suitable afforestation been brought into use both for cattle raising and for agriculture. Besides this, the trees themselves enrich the soil. Silently, year by year, the fall of oak leaf and pine needle covers the most barren land-surface with a rich and fertile mould, and prepares it, when the woods may by and-by be cleared, for the raising of roots and grain.

But the most important aspect of the subject after all, perhaps, is that from an economic point of view. Every year this country pays away the sum of over twenty millions sterling for foreign timber. The greater part of this might very well be grown at home, and, apart from the immense financial saving which this home-grown timber would effect to the country, the amount of labour necessary for even a tithe of its production would afford healthy and prosperous employment to many thousands of the population. Further than this, most of the moors in Scotland and Ireland, if properly afforested, would not only become easily habitable, but, between the belts of woodland, would offer new and remunerative fields for agriculture. Such a fact offers a happy solution of the crofter difficulty; and it may well be asked whether the scheme be not feasible both for individual proprietors and for the Government.

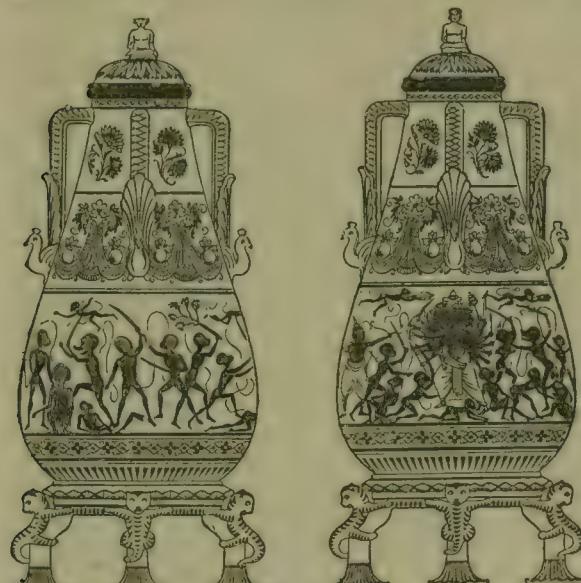
G. E. T.

INDIAN ART POTTERY.



FLORAL VASE, DESIGNED FROM OLD INDIAN DECORATIONS.

of Madras and Bombay, in which he explains the subjects represented by the designs on these exquisite examples of Indian artistic pottery. They are taken from that wonderful epic poem, the "Rámáyana," known to all competent scholars of comparative mythology and poetry, which is quite as important to the student of Indian thought and national life as Homer's "Iliad" to the student of Hellenic art and literature. This poem, which can now be read in English by those who do not happen to be acquainted with Sanscrit, relates the heroic adventures and exploits of Rámá, one of the



VASE DECORATION: SCENES OF HINDOO MYTHOLOGY; THE BATTLE OF RAMA WITH RAVANA.

avatar incarnations of the God Vishnu, the Divine Preserver; there have been three Rámas, but the one here glorified is Rámá Chandra, the son of Dasaratha, a Prince of the Solar dynasty, reigning somewhere in Oude (Ayodhyá). In the judgment of Professor Sir Monier Williams, the better part of the Rámáyana was current in India so early as the fifth century before Christ; it was compiled into its existing form probably by an Indian Homer, named Válmíki, who arranged it in seven books, containing 24,000 couplets of verse. We read the life of Prince Rámá, his banishment to the forests of Central

India, and how he was deprived of his wife Sita, and how, like the valiant hero that he was, being the divine institutor of the Indian military caste, the Kshatriyas, who are still extant among the native soldiery of our Indian Empire, he set forth to make war against the Demon-Giants of the South, whose cruel and lustful chief, Rávana, King of Ceylon, the enemy of the Gods, had carried off the fair Sita, flying a thousand miles through the air. The Supreme Creator, Brahma, had long tolerated the insolence of Rávana, until the benevolent Vishnu, the protector of mankind, with his wife Lakshmi sitting on his knees, pleaded with the Almighty Creator, and was permitted to save the world by incarnating his own soul in Rámá, and then becoming the champion of justice. Is not this a noble religious story for Aryan heathendom? So Rámá, at first accompanied by his brother Lakshmana, who slew Indrajit, one of the sons of Rávana, a warrior

driving a chariot drawn by four tigers and a potent magician, performed the work of deliverance. In this he was aided by Hanuman, son of the Wind God, an impersonation of swift agility, who assumed the form of a monkey, could make himself of vast size or small, and could leap across the strait from

India to Ceylon. Nothing so grandly fantastic as this marvellous allegory is to be found in Oriental or European fable. It has a profound significance, philosophical and historical, for the instructed Hindoo; and its recital by village patriarchs, or by wandering bards, is still the delight of an imaginative people. The episodes of the main narrative—which is a genuine national epic, signifying the advance of Aryan civilisation from the Ganges to Southern India, and the conquest of tribal savagery—are incidents of much romantic interest. One is the story of Princess Draupadi, who is also the heroine of another grand ancient Indian poem, the "Mahabharata"; she was the lovely daughter of Drupada, ruler of the Panchala Kingdom, and she had five husbands at once, who were brothers, sons of the great warrior Pandu and generals of the army. There is the essence of many tales of chivalry and "Idylls of the King" in this story, which describes a "Conference" or Tournament at the Royal Court, according to the rules of the Swayamvara, when the Princess was to be given as a prize to the best archer: he whose arrow went through the ring and hit the eye of the golden fish was to wed the peerless beauty, who stood by the lists arrayed in brilliant jewels. Rámá offered to shoot for her, but his rank as a Prince was then concealed, and the Princess, in her pride of birth, refused to allow him; she was therefore won by Arjuna, for himself jointly with his four brothers. These were afterwards detected as impostors by her own Royal brother, and the consequence was a sanguinary war. Such are a few of the legendary tales of ancient India, which certainly bear comparison with those of ancient Greece.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

Another Sketch by Lieutenant Walter C. Blair, of the 24th Punjab Infantry, with the third column of troops sent up the Black Mountain highlands in October to chastise the hostile confederation of warlike tribes, is engraved for our Journal this week. It represents the appearance of some of the mountaineers who had been taken prisoners of war and brought to the Oghi Fort, not very far from the military station of Abbottabad, in the district of Hazara, north of the Punjab. The rapid suppression of this revolt on our Indian frontier, and the equally arduous and dexterous performance of the Sikkim force in repelling the Thibetan aggression, lend the lustre of successful military services to the close of Lord

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.
At a meeting of this institution held on Thursday, Dec. 13, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, the sum of £250 was voted in aid of the local funds for the relief of the widow of John Crookes, one of the crew of the Staithes life-boat, who lost his life when the life-boat was overwhelmed by a very heavy sea during the severe storm experienced on Nov. 27, he and two others of the crew having made for the shore when they were thrown out of the boat; £3 each was granted to the crew of the life-boat in acknowledgment of the risk and exposure to which they were subjected. The behaviour of the life-boat under the exceptionally trying circumstances gave entire satisfaction to the crew, whose confidence in the boat has been increased since the disaster. She arrived in safety at Middlesborough in tow of the steamer Ethel, of Stockton, with the remainder of her crew and the three fishermen she went to succour. Rewards amounting to £1188 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during November, in which period they were instrumental in saving no less than 248 lives. The thanks of the institution inscribed on vellum were voted to Mr. G. H. Grills, chief officer of H.M. Coastguard at Portrush, Ireland, and other rewards to the crews of shore-boats and others for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Altogether, during the current year, the institution has granted rewards for saving 772 lives by life-boats and other means. Payments, amounting to £2439 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £500 from Heath Harrison, Esq., of Liverpool and Eastham, for the Campeltown new life-boat, the Mary Adelaide Harrison; £100 from George Hilder, Esq., Rye; and £71 13s. 7d. from the Independent Order of Odd Fellows (Manchester Unity), on behalf of the support of their life-boat at Grimsby.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The annual general meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England was held, on Dec. 13, in Hanover-square, presided over (in the absence of the Prince of Wales) by the Earl of Feversham, who congratulated the members of the society on the position it had attained on the eve of the Jubilee year, when her Majesty had consented to become president.

Mr. Ernest Clarke (secretary) read a summary of the



THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION: PRISONERS IN THE FORT OF OGHÍ, HAZARA.

Dufferin's popular Indian administration. Upper Burmah, however, is still troubled by predatory bands of "dacoits"; and an expedition against the Kachiyens, to the north-east of that province, was to start from Mogung at the beginning of the year. Another expedition, under Brigadier-General Collett, proceeds by way of Mobye to Sawlon against the Red Karen.

Mr. Stormont Darling, M.P., Solicitor-General for Scotland, has been created a Queen's Counsel.

An excellent evening concert, in aid of the funds of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps (London Division), was held on Tuesday, Dec. 18, at the Steinway Hall.

An entertainment recently given at St. Andrew's Hall, in aid of a fund for providing the poor of St. Pancras with Christmas dinners, was a great success, realising £105.

The court of the Cordwainers' Company have, in addition to their present exhibitions, established an extra one of £25 per annum, tenable for five years for a scholar at Oxford or Cambridge in actual residence, and have elected a scholar of Hertford College, Oxford, as the first exhibitioner.

The first performance of the Latin play annually given by the Westminster "boys" took place on Dec. 13 in the great dormitory of St. Peter's College. The play was repeated on the 17th and the 19th with a prologue and with the modern comic epilogue bristling with topical references. The old comedy this year is the "Trinummus" of Plautus.

At a meeting of the Arts Committee of the Liverpool City Council, on Dec. 13, Sir James Picton, the chairman, said the price agreed upon for Sir Frederic Leighton's picture "Captive Andromache," bought for the Liverpool Corporation Exhibition, was £4000, which included the copyright, half of the money to be paid down and half three months after delivery of the picture. Sir Frederic desires to send the picture to Berlin to be reproduced in photogravure, and it would not be returned for twelve months.

The newspapers have recently said a good deal about the injury of cigarette-smoking, in which there was doubtless wisdom, but we cannot help thinking a deal of the harm that is contracted arises quite as much from the effects of the paper used (which sticks most unpleasantly to the lips) as from the tobacco used in the manufacture. By a patent lately introduced by Messrs. Philip Morris and Co. all this harm is averted, the end or mouth-piece of their cigarette being neatly cased in thin cork. Their patent is called "The cork-tipped cigarette," and will doubtless be much appreciated by smokers.

annual report of the council, which stated that since the commencement of the Queen's year of office as president of the society a very large and encouraging accession had taken place of new governors and members. The half-yearly statement of accounts to June 30 last showed that the funded property of the society had increased from £25,883 to £30,000. In the chemical department there had been more than the usual amount of analytical work carried on in the laboratory, the total number of analyses made being 1653, as against 1615 last year. During the year inquiries had been received by the consulting entomologist respecting the life-history of no fewer than forty-five different kinds of insects injurious to crops, and as to means of prevention and remedies against their attacks. Concerning these, 1200 letters had been sent, besides numerous copies of leaflets giving information upon the ox warble-fly and other pests. With regard to the last meeting, held at Nottingham, the report stated that it was in every way a great success, although the weather was not at all favourable. The number of persons who passed the turnstiles was 147,927, which had only been three times exceeded—at Manchester (1869), at Birmingham (1876), and at Kilburn (1879). The accounts had not yet been finally adjusted, but they showed a surplus of receipts over expenditure of £4000.

Mr. Clare Sewell Read moved the adoption of the report, and said a more satisfactory one in the sad agricultural times which prevailed it had not been his fortune to read for many years. Mr. Gibbons seconded, and Surgeon-General Ince, Mr. W. Botly, and Mr. Thomas Duckham supported the resolution, the last named remarking that it was a matter of great satisfaction that, owing to the excellent regulations of the Privy Council for checking infectious diseases among animals, there had not been a single case of foot-and-mouth disease since October, 1885, although during forty years previously the nation had never been free from it. Mr. J. K. Fowler also spoke to the resolution, which was carried, and the meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh has been appointed Secretary of the Board of Trade, in the room of the Earl of Onslow.

Owing to the condition of the Mansion House consequent upon the drainage works now in operation, the Lord Mayor finds that it will be impossible to hold the juvenile fancy-dress ball on Jan. 8, the date arranged, and it will accordingly be deferred until the Easter holidays. For the same reason the conversazione in connection with the Home for Little Boys will not be held on Jan. 3.



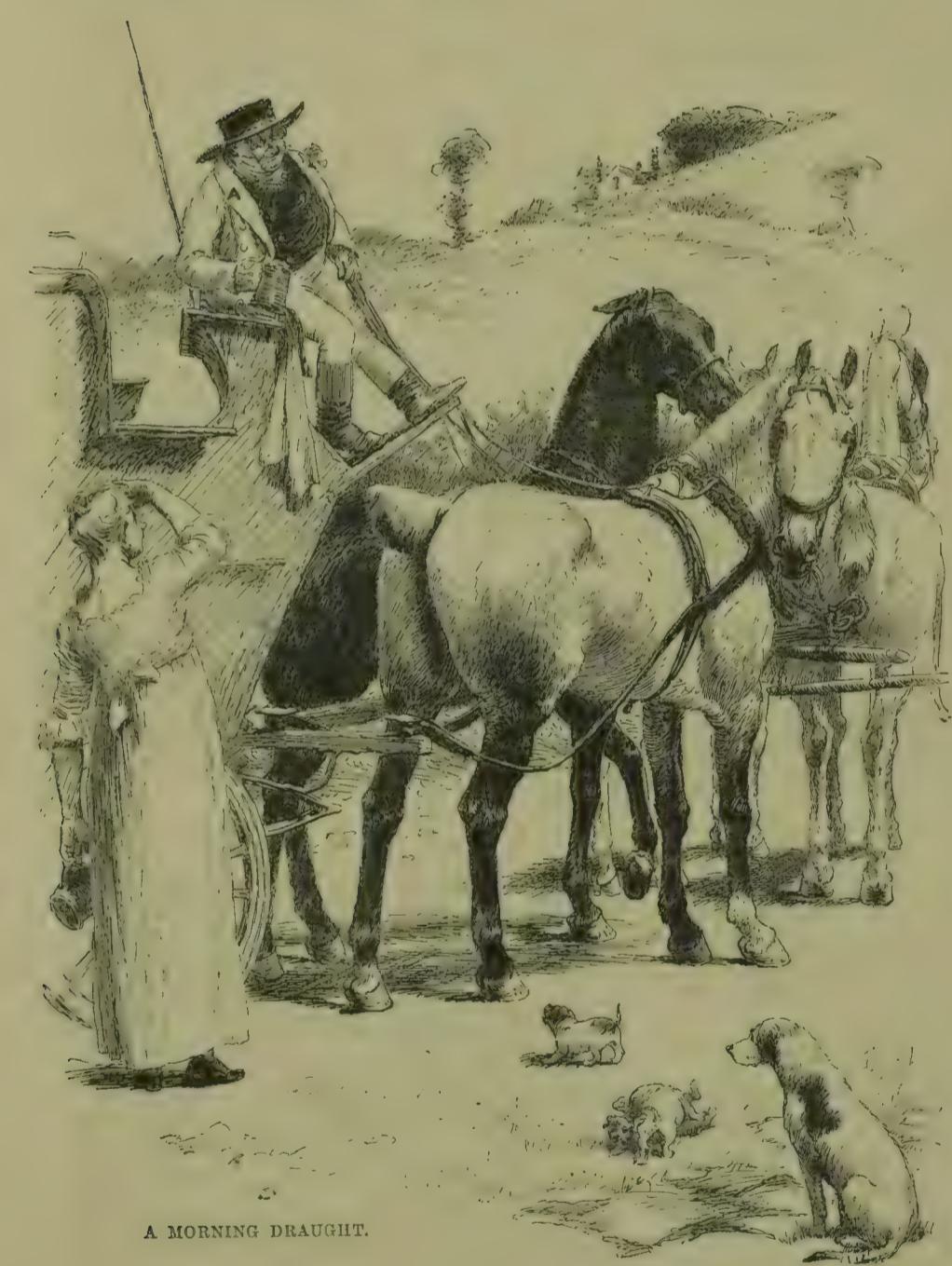
VASE DECORATION: THE GRAND CONFERENCE AT DHARUPAD: FROM THE "RAMAYANA," HINDOO EPIPOEM.



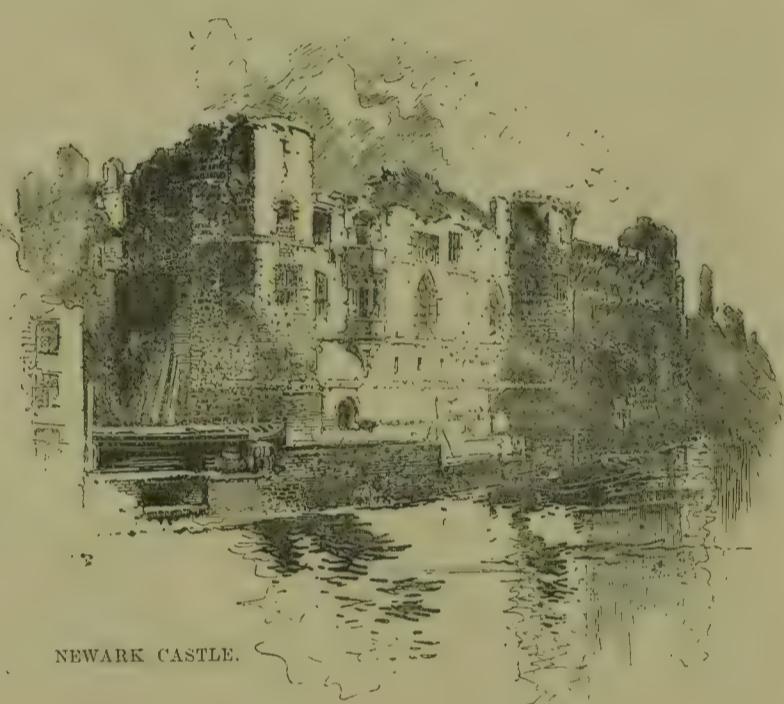
COURTYARD OF THE BELL,
STILTON.



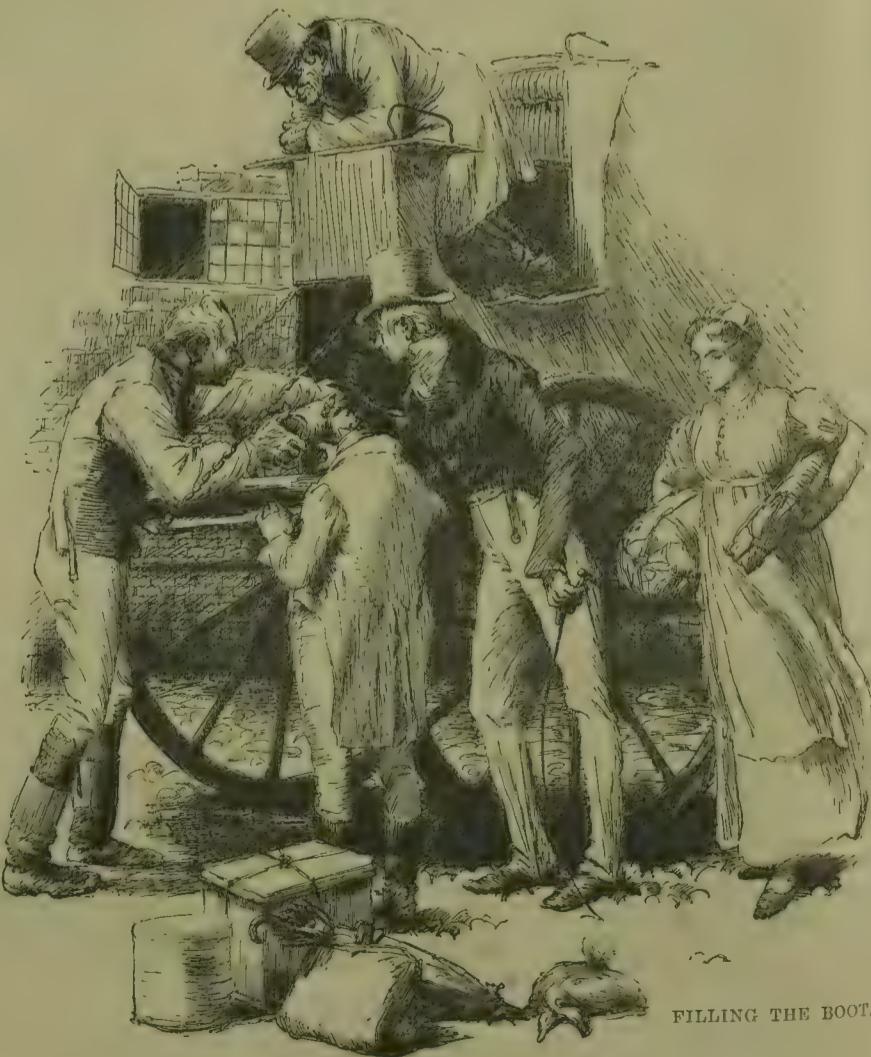
DRIVING TO CATCH THE MAIL.



A MORNING DRAUGHT.



NEWARK CASTLE.



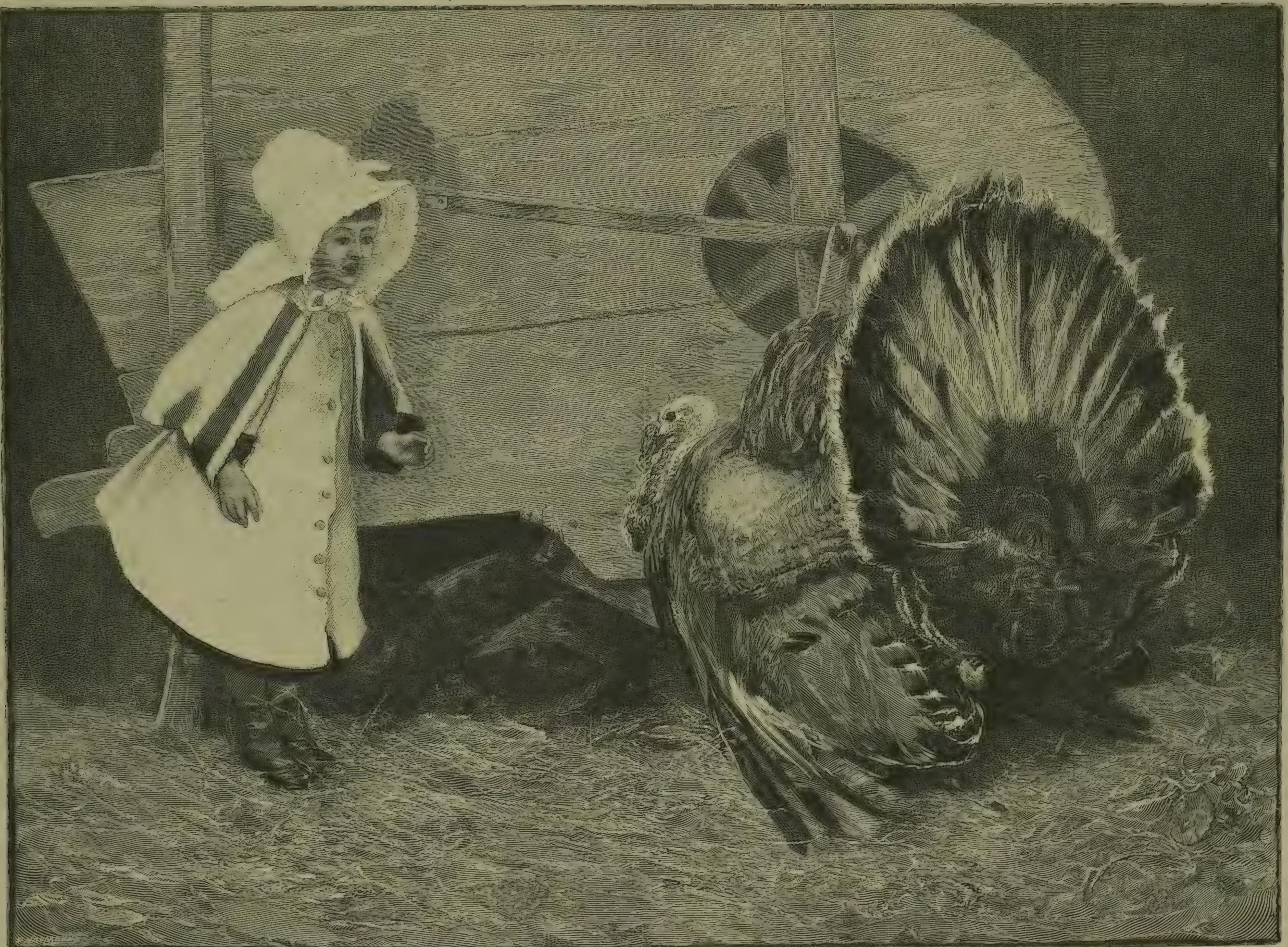
FILLING THE BOOT.



THE CROWN, BAWTRY.

"COACHING DAYS AND COACHING WAYS."

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT RAILTON AND HUGH THOMSON (MACMILLAN AND CO., PUBLISHERS).



EXCHANGING COMPLIMENTS: "A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU."

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. E. CHRISTIE.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

The Witches' Frolic. By Thomas Ingoldsby. Pictured by Ernest M. Jessop (Eyre and Spottiswoode).—Among the humorous tales in verse written by the Rev. R. H. Barham, Minor Canon of St. Paul's and author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," this one is not the most celebrated. Nor is it one of his best; and, while the patter of his lines and the jingle of his rhymes may still amuse the ear, many contemporary allusions have lost their meaning to a later generation. The grotesque fancies of witchcraft and demonology are pretty well played out; the ridicule of monks, of ecclesiastical antiquities in general, has had its day: and nobody laughs at Old Nick's horns and tail. Yet a clever artist like Mr. Ernest Jessop can make effective pictures—indeed, some of his designs approach sublimity in the treatment of light and shadow—to illustrate such a fantastic story. We see our old acquaintance the Devil, locked out of doors on a stormy night, blowing into the pipe of his door-key to clear it of dust; how very funny! We see a pretty young witch riding high in air on a broomstick; but the artist's power is more fitly shown in delineating the ruined tower, the blasted tree, the lurid sunset, the Gothic front of a cathedral at night, or the gateway of a stately mansion—surely not the Vicarage?—with the watchdog howling beneath it.

The Happy Prince, and other Tales. By Oscar Wilde. Illustrated by Walter Crane and Jacob Hood (D. Nutt).—The reputation of this author as a teacher of aesthetic social philosophy should not deter anybody from enjoying such delightful little parables as he sets before us, much in the vein of Hans Christian Andersen, gracefully fantastic, quaint, and amusing, with lessons of kindness and gentleness in each simple story. They are those of the golden statue perched on high, which saw and pitied the woes of the poor in the city, and sent the swallow to carry its jewelled ornaments for their relief; the nightingale with its breast pierced by a thorn, singing its life away for a red rose to be given as a pledge of love; the giant's garden where it was always winter because he shut out the children, but where the sun shone and the flowers instantly blossomed when he let them in; with the one-sided friendship of Hans and the Miller, and the overweening conceit of the Rocket thinking itself superior to other fireworks.

Coaching Days and Coaching Ways. By W. Outram Tristram. Illustrated by Herbert Railton and Hugh Thomson (Macmillan and Co.).—These characteristic sketches of the old English high roads, the now less-frequented country towns and villages, the roomy, once comfortable hosteries which were content to be called inns, the stage-coaches in or upon which some of us yet living have travelled all day and all night, the coachmen and guards, their passengers of different ranks and classes, and the variety of other vehicles, other scenes, and other folk, to be met with in a provincial journey, fifty or a hundred years ago, furnish a pleasant contribution to social history. They have appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and have been repeatedly noticed by us among its monthly contents, along with Mr. Outram Tristram's entertaining literary commentary, which is full of biographical anecdotes and of citations from the memoirs, the novels and plays, the local traditions and legends, bearing reference to the places along the road. The artists have well performed their task; and when it is stated that this volume treats of the Bath road, the Exeter road, the Portsmouth road, the Brighton road, the Dover road, the York road, and the Holyhead road, we trust that the geography and topography of England, apart from "Bradshaw's Railway Guide," may still be known sufficiently to understand how much that is really interesting should be found on "the old coaching ways." One of our pages this week is filled with half-a-dozen of the spirited and truthful sketches of stage-coach business, and of one driving a "gig" to catch the mail, with views of such old-fashioned inns as the Bell at Stilton and the Crown at Bawtry, and a view of Newark Castle. We congratulate Mr. Herbert Railton and his colleague on having obtained such capital subjects for their clever pencils.

Jerusalem, the Holy City. By Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, R.E., C.B., K.C.M.G., F.R.S. (J. S. Virtue and Co.).—The distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers, who has rendered great services to the study of Biblical archaeology and topography in carrying out the plans of the Palestine Exploration Fund Committee, has produced in this handsome volume a work of abiding value. His introduction is a careful statement of the present condition of actual knowledge or confirmed opinion respecting the sites and structures of Jerusalem associated with events recorded in the Old and New Testament histories, mentioning the controversies that have arisen on such questions, especially with regard to the place of the Crucifixion and to the position of Zion, the city of David, and the limits of the city in which King Solomon reigned, the capital of the ancient Kingdom before the exile of Babylon. The descriptive chapters which follow may be relied upon for strict accuracy, and for conclusions in forming which the writer has taken into account all the historical evidence and the results of critical discussion now available. Sir Charles Wilson is a clear and exact writer, and has well digested the observations and arguments of his predecessors in these inquiries. The book is adorned with four large steel engravings and nearly a hundred engravings on wood.

Ranche Life and the Hunting-Trail. By Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated by Frederic Remington (T. Fisher Unwin).—The Great American Exhibition of 1887 made even Cockneys acquainted in some degree with the active habits of the hardy "cow-boys" at the "ranches" or cattle-grazing stations of the West, in parts of Colorado and Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, Wyoming, and Montana, besides the southern region in Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico. The hunting pursuits, more for gain than for sport, which are still afforded by the rapidly-diminishing wild animal races in those countries, though now mostly driven into the sequestered recesses of the Rocky Mountain ranges, have often been described. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, an American writer of much experience and literary ability, contributed to a New York magazine the interesting chapters on these subjects which here form an attractive book, and which are illustrated by Mr. F. Remington with designs of much variety, representing lively scenes and stirring adventures, men and beasts in vigorous attitudes and groups; with the Red Indians hanging on the outer skirts of a rude civilisation; making altogether an original study of Western life.

Les Grands Voyageurs de Notre Siècle. Par G. Meissas (Hachette and Co.).—This volume, which is rather bulky, with a cover very prettily decorated in crimson, green, and gold, is for readers of French, and contains a vast quantity of reading, much of which has been translated, with abridgement and compilation, from many familiar English books of travel, though French, German, Italian, Dutch, and other foreign explorers of the wider portions of the globe are made the subjects of its collected narratives. We recognise our own countrymen—Mungo Park, Admirals Parry and Ross, Sir John Franklin, Dr. Livingstone, Burton, Speke, and Grant, Sir Samuel Baker, Cameron, and Stanley—along with many adventurous representatives of the different nations of Europe. The performances of the latter—François Levaillant, D'Urville, René Caillié, Jacquemont, Father Huc, Vambéry, Garnier, Schweinfurth, Nachtigal, Payer, Nordenskiöld, Serpa Pinto, Gallieni, Przewalski, Madame Dieulafoy, and De Brazza—are impartially set forth; and we are happy in the case of some of the French travellers to improve our previous acquaintance with them, which was less than might be desired. Asia, Africa, and America, with the Arctic Regions, supply an immense diversity of topics, with the aid of a very large number of woodcuts; but the work is better adapted to popular use in France than in this country.

Aux Rives d'Or (the Riviera). Par Mars. (E. Plon, Nourrit, et Cie., Paris).—Our readers have had several opportunities of being amused by the droll and sprightly sketches of the clever French artist M. Mars, whose pictures of children and domestic animal-pets, of the sea-bathing at Ostend, and of Jersey and the coast of Brittany, were noticed some time ago. Messrs. G. Routledge and Son have published English editions of "Our Darlings" and "Friends and Playmates," to make this artist at home with us. He has now turned his

All Things Bright and Beautiful: a Treasury of Picture and Song (Ernest Nister, Bridge-street).—The editor of this collection of choice poetry, Mr. R. Ellice Mack, has drawn for its contents, except a song from Shakespeare and one or two pieces from Shelley and Wordsworth, on various English and American writers now or recently living; while the eighteen illustrations, finely printed at a Nuremberg press, are drawn by some of the English artists highest in repute for designs suitable to the art of engraving; among these are Mr. F. Morgan, Mr. Birket Foster, Miss Alice Havers, Mr. F. G. Cotman, Mr. Yeend King, Mr. E. A. Waterlow, Mr. F. Hines, and Miss Dicksee. The result of their labours, as might be expected, is excellent in all artistic qualities, and we only wish that the title had been more definite and precise in meaning.

The Gold of Fairnilee. By Andrew Lang (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol).—The well-known scholar, agreeable poet, and versatile prose writer, to whom many young persons will be indebted for their pleasure in reading this story, has imbibed local inspiration on Tweedside; and those who have rambled in the south of Scotland cannot hear such a name as "Fairnilee" without enchanting remembrances of historic or legendary romance. His tale is of the time of the fatal battle at Flodden; and that sweetly plaintive strain, "The Flowers of the Forest," seems to mingle with an older chant of "True Thomas the Rhymer," as we peruse this Border story, in which, however, there is no description of actual fighting. The boy Randal, whose father was slain at Flodden, is carried to the Fairy Queen, and learns where to dig for an ancient Roman treasure, making him and his family happy. The coloured pictures, by T. Scott and E. A. Lemann, will assist the fancy and gratify the eyes of children.

The Story of a Mermaid. From Hans Andersen (Griffith, Farran, and Co.).—The tale of Andersen's which is here turned into English verse of the narrative ballad metre by E. Ashe need scarcely be described to those who are conversant with the popular works of the famous Danish author. The illustrations, designed by Laura Trowbridge, have the qualities of freedom and originality of invention, and of bold treatment with vigorous and graceful effects.

A Journey Round the World. With Illustrations by Charles Marx (G. Routledge and Sons).—A family party, including a boy named Willie and his sister Ethel, are taken by their father, Colonel Sir John Wrighton, to Spain, Egypt, Ceylon, India, Borneo and the Philippines, China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, California, South America, the West Coast of Africa, Madeira, and home. The narrative of what they saw is necessarily instructive, and the coloured pictures render it not less entertaining.

Our Country House. With Illustrations by Julius Kleinmichel (Routledge).—This is a book of the same form and class with that above mentioned; the difference is that the children, Walter and Anna, stay at home with their parents, read of wild countries, and of wild Indians, of voyages and travels and adventures, and are joined by their cousins in playing at Robinson Crusoe.

Over the Hills. By E. L. Shute. Illustrated by Jessie Watkins (F. Warne and Co.).—In simple verses of musical rhyme, the joyful romps and rambles of two little girls and a little boy or two, amidst the delights of rural scenery, are winningly related. The pictures, mostly coloured or tinted, are not lacking in the graces of childlike figures and gestures.

Jack the Giant-Killer. By the late Richard Doyle (Eyre and Spottiswoode).—In 1842, when the gifted artist whose death is regretted was quite a boy, he wrote his own improved version of Jack's marvellous victories in Big Man's Land, and decorated the pages of his neat manuscript with glowing coloured pictures, superior in drawing and composition, as well as in humour, spirit, and imagination, to many elaborate designs of this kind by old hands without his precocious genius. The publication of a facsimile of this most original work, accurately engraved, splendidly coloured,

with divers ornamental page-borders, and carefully printed, is a boon to lovers of fanciful and sportive art, as well as to juvenile minds, for which it will be a rare entertainment.

Shakspeare's Songs and Sonnets. Illustrated by Sir John Gilbert (Sampson Low and Co.).—There is no further need, at this day, to commend the graceful and expressive graphic interpretations of Shakspeare in which Sir John Gilbert has abundantly excelled most of his countrymen, or to remark his dramatic and idyllic perception of old English life. These qualities will again be recognised in the present series of designs.

Logbook Notes through Life. By Elizabeth A. Little (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.).—This is a collection of brief passages of religious poetry, selected from various authors, bearing reference to the common similitude of human life to a voyage at sea. The editor, who has in her own former writings treated of moral themes with a similar metaphorical idea, arranges these extracts not unskillfully. The drawings of ocean and shore views, of ships, portions of masts and rigging, and seaman's knots with ropes, have a certain degree of merit, and serve well to accompany the text.

Nister's Holiday Annual for 1889. Edited by Robert Ellice Mack (Ernest Nister).—As a volume of pictures and stories for little folk, "girls and boys come out to play," this new candidate for the approval of mothers and children deserves our best commendation. The short tales and verses deal with child-life, its natural actions, and its purest thoughts and feelings, in an artless poetical spirit; and most of the drawings are good.

Drawing-Room Plays. Adapted from the French by Lady Adelaide Cadogan (Sampson Low and Co.).—Good and wholesome plays for modest and discreet amateur actors in a domestic performance are not too abundant. Lady Adelaide Cadogan has borrowed plots, incidents, and characters, unobjectionable in tone and purpose, from seven French comedies, transposing the dramatic situations into the familiar circumstances and manners of English society. Her work is likely to be serviceable at private evening parties, and the illustrations, drawn by E. L. Shute, add to its effect in a quiet reading.



From the New Sketchbook by M. Mars, "Aux Rives d'Or," (Published by E. Plon, Nourrit, et Cie., Paris).

steps to the "golden shores" of the Mediterranean, visiting Marseilles, Toulon, Hyères, St. Raphael, Cannes, Antibes, Nice, Monaco, Mentone, Bordighera, San Remo, Savona, and Genoa, with an eye and a pencil for all that is quaint and comical, as well for what is pretty, in the figures and demeanour of those resorting to the sunny coast towns along his route. Most of the drawings are lightly coloured; they frequently run into mild caricature, but are commonly pleasant in character, and their humorous suggestions are explained by a few words of colloquial French. We are permitted to borrow the Sketch of a scene in the flower-market on the Cours St. Louis at Marseilles, with two buxom young women, Fortunée and Thérésion, carrying their baskets to the stalls.

The Alps. By Professor F. Umlauf, Ph.D., translated by Louisa Brough (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.).—Space and leisure are needful to do justice to the merits of this important work of scientific topography, which is very well translated by an English lady, and which must be the fruit of accurate and extensive special studies by Dr. Umlauf, dealing with a large and complex subject, as German learned men can do, consistently and thoroughly to the last item of its exposition. Orography, hydrography, meteorology, geology, botany, zoology, and ethnology contribute the views and materials, with little or no display of romantic eloquence. It comprises all the high mountain ranges of Switzerland, Savoy, and the Tyrol, and those overhanging the Italian lakes and plains, and is probably the most complete and authentic treatise on this subject. There are 110 illustrations engraved on wood, and several correct maps.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin. By Robert Browning. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway (G. Routledge and Son).—Mr. Browning has a regularly organised school of ethical disciples seeking grave lessons of wisdom from his serious poetry. This favourite piece of romantic drollery, with its piteous catastrophe, telling how the magical piper, after delivering the city from a plague of rats, by the same charm of his music led away the children to be lost in caverns of the forest, may have as much profound significance as "Pippa Passes." Miss Greenaway, at any rate, who draws little children so faithfully and gracefully, fully because she loves and knows them so well, has filled the book with many pretty pictures, colour-printed by Mr. Edmund Evans, hereby producing a delightful Christmas gift for any household where little people are to be made happy at this season of the year.

AMERICAN NOTES.

The excitement of the Presidential Election has died away with the coloured fires, the gunpowder, the brass bands, the processions, the tinsel gew-gaws, and the general fanfaronade deemed essential to the contest. For six months or more prior to the Fourth of November in every quadrennial the greater part of the American people plunge into a state of political lunacy. But it must be added that the process of convalescence is rapid. All the personal abuse and party virulence so freely indulged in during the warfare are forgotten, or, if remembered, are condoned in a Pickwickian sense. More than a month has now elapsed since the great periodical fight between the "Ins" and the "Outs" for the possession of the White House at Washington. While it waged, the vocabulary was ransacked for terms of mutual denunciation. The peculiar rhetoric of American platform oratory and of the press found ample scope for exercise. The pillars of the earth were likely to tremble and fall. Yet the threatened catastrophe has been averted. Men continue to buy and sell and get gain—or make losses. Marrying and the customary social usages have experienced no interruption. Young America continues to have its round of pleasure. Dame Nature pursues her calm and majestic course, and the crowds of busy little human bipeds go their several ways.

The fact is that European observers attach far more importance to the Presidential title and functions than do the people to the manner born. The inaugural and the annual Messages to Congress have greatly diminished in significance. The power and the influence of the Chief of the Executive Government are defined and restricted. The Senate can refuse to ratify his nominations to high offices. Even his veto of Acts of Congress can be overridden by a specific majority. He is a distinguished personage; but he is watched, and hampered, and guarded, very much like the queen-bee in a hive. The written Constitution is precise and absolute. Innumerable Argus eyes are upon him, and he is daily instructed, admonished, and threatened by a ubiquitous and sleepless press. As an ornamental figurehead his position commands respect; but the strictly Federal matters which he can control or influence are comparatively few. With the autonomy of the several States he cannot interfere. A genuine American esteems his particular State as of supreme importance. It claims the first place in his allegiance and regard. Its Legislature is a greater body and its doings concern him more than Congress, unless there be some such crucial matter as the tariff. Each State has its own separate Constitution, and is sovereign and independent within its own borders. The proceedings at Washington occupy but a small space in the leading journals. Once in a while, between the contests for the Presidency, some grave question of policy arises, or there is a passing ripple of excitement over such an episode as the Sackville case. But the pursuit of the almighty dollar cannot be checked, even for these things; nor can matters of local concern in the township, in the municipality, or in the State, be set aside by what ordinarily occurs in Washington.

Not until March 4 does the actual change occur in the Administration. On that day, President Cleveland retires from office and his successor will be installed. The House of Representatives recently elected does not enter upon its duties before Dec. 4, 1889. During the winter there will be, of course, schemes and intrigues without number over the appointment of the Cabinet of the new President. There are also many thousands of expectant office-holders who will bring every kind of influence to bear on the dispensers of patronage. Before the time of President Andrew Jackson—known as "Old Hickory"—in 1829, the maxim which he is said to have formulated, "to the victors the spoils," had been acted upon only in a limited degree in certain States. By the distinguished statesmen who filled the Presidential chair from Washington to John Quincy Adams, public office had been scrupulously regarded as a public trust. Even when a change of parties was effected, after a severe struggle, by the election of Jefferson, he made only thirty-nine removals in eight years, although most of the existing officials were known to be opposed to his policy. Jackson changed all this deliberately and on system. Within a year he dismissed four hundred and ninety-one postmasters and two hundred and thirty-nine other officials. The new men promptly made similar changes among their subordinates, so that a clean sweep was effected. This was done with the avowed object of rewarding political friends and of punishing opponents. The hateful and pernicious system thus initiated has been pursued ever since. Honest and strenuous efforts have been made of late years in the direction of Civil Service reform. Enactments have been passed, and some small measure of good has been accomplished. But the evil and the scandal are too deeply seated to yield to anything but a heroic and drastic remedy. This is not likely to be applied until a healthy public sentiment has been aroused.

The fact is that there are too many who profit by the existing system in both the political camps. The Republican party had a monopoly for twenty-four years prior to 1885. When the Democrats achieved the victory after their long exclusion, many of them, naturally enough, wished to make as much hay as possible while the sun shone. Now that the Republicans are about to return to the warmth and the emoluments of office after a brief banishment, it is not to be expected that they will leave their political foes in possession of lucrative posts. Hence all the holders of offices in the Customs, the Internal Revenue, the Post Office, and in other branches of the Federal service, to the number of about one hundred and thirty thousand, scattered all over the States, and including Ministers and Consuls abroad, are liable to be displaced. Wise and patriotic men deplore this, and protest against it; but at present they are in a

minority. The "public service" is a euphemism for private advantage with professional politicians all the world over. Hence independent and high-minded persons among both Democrats and Republicans are powerless in the presence of a hungry crowd who make politics a trade, and who demand rewards for services that are often dubious and unscrupulous. Eminent public servants, who have made a special study of certain subjects, and who are pre-eminently qualified to discharge their duties, are continually thrust aside to make room for men who may be utterly incompetent, but whose blind devotion to their party clamours for reward. Wealthy supporters who have contributed large sums for "campaign expenses" also look for recognition in appointments for their friends. It is estimated by competent authorities that the total cost of a Presidential election exceeds twenty millions of dollars, or about four millions sterling. No balance-sheet is published by either party, but the managers are entrusted with the absolute disbursement. The *New York Times*, of Aug. 28, 1888, reported that the National Democratic Committee had received ten thousand dollars from President Cleveland, Secretary Whitney, Secretary Endicott, and Postmaster-General Dickinson. This sum is twice the amount of the annual salary of each of the three last named. A similar custom prevails in nearly all elections for public posts, including such as are strictly local. The result is that enormous sums are disbursed—often in a manner and for purposes which highminded and patriotic men detest and censure. They admit that the laws against bribery and corruption must be made more stringent, and that measures must be taken to render voting by ballot secret and secure, which is far from being the case at present. Americans who have seen the working of the English system are emphatic in their recognition of its superiority.

They do not so readily make a similar admission with regard to another matter. To allude to it at all is like skating over very thin ice. Yet to avoid all reference to it would be cowardly. May it then be respectfully suggested, without intending to give offence or to wound national susceptibilities,

ART MAGAZINES.

The *Magazine of Art* for December continues two exceedingly interesting papers begun in the November number. The first, on Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., one of the ablest of the modern English school of sculpture, is written by Mr. W. Cosmo Monkhouse, and is illustrated with several engravings of the sculptor's work, notably one of the "Icarus," an example of Mr. Gilbert's best manner. The other article is one by Mr. William M. Rossetti, on the portraits of his brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and contains some interesting additions to the photographs and sketches published last month. A capital reproduction of Mr. Hamo Thornicroft's fine statue of General Gordon accompanies a short description of the latest addition to our national monuments. The annual volume of this magazine is now published, and contains a perfect gallery of beautiful engravings, photogravures, and etchings after pictures by modern painters, English and Continental.

The frontispiece to the current number of the *Art Journal* is a beautiful engraving, by L. Jacoby, of Fra Fillipo Lippi's "Nativity," now in the Berlin Museum; which museum, the subject of a paper by Mr. W. M. Conway, is a valuable contribution to the art history of Europe. "A Foreign Artist and Author" continue their travels through England, and this month give us their impressions of that popular watering-place Ramsgate. "Japan and its Art Wares" is also continued from a former number; as also a paper by Mr. Gilbert R. Redgrave on "Textile Fabrics at the South Kensington Museum." The annual volume of the *Art Journal*, being the bound numbers of the past year, has already been reviewed month by month, and therefore it is needless to say more than that no more acceptable Christmas gift could be suggested for artistic friends than this handsome volume.

A new and interesting addition to the list of journals and magazines dealing with art in all its branches is the *Scottish Art Review*, published in Glasgow, the December number of which is the seventh issue. It is, perhaps, more emphatically than most of its contemporaries a journal for the artist rather than merely the dilettante, although it offers many attractions

to all lovers of art as well as art-workers. The current number contains an etching, "The Sower," by Mr. William Strang, and a reproduction of a picture by the late Frank O'Meara, entitled "Evening in the Gatinais." Among many interesting articles is one on the pastel exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, a paper on the Wagner-Liszt correspondence, and one on the place of poetry in a music-drama, evoked, doubtless by a recent attack on a great artist in a well-known review.

POOR CHILDREN AND CHRISTMAS.

Mrs. Adamson, wife of the Vicar of Old Ford, at the East-End of London, writes as follows:—"I have resumed the soup-kitchens in my husband's parish; and, as I have once more to relieve the semi-starvation of thousands of children, I trust that you will allow me to submit the following simple statement of our work and wants, by way of appeal for the practical sympathy of your readers. We make no religious distinction, necessity being the one and only test. Last winter, the cost of the dinners (including plant and pannikins, coals and coppers) which we gave to the poor children connected with three Board schools in this neighbourhood was £79, the dinners numbering 10,225. The children were selected from these schools, and sent by the head masters and mistresses. They were all really poor and needy—many being most distressing cases. My husband's parish alone numbers 11,000 persons, most of whom crowd

together in small tenements. There is not what is called a middle-class household, so that I have no lady resident in the parish to co-operate with me. Beyond the grants kindly made to assist this good work, I require funds to meet the expenses up to April next, if the soup kitchens are to be kept open."—An appeal is made for help towards the Christmas treat to the East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell, to be held on Wednesday, Jan. 2. One hundred children, who have been in-patients of the hospital, will be invited, and provided with tea, cake, fruit, and a comic entertainment; a suit of clothes will be given to each child, as well as toys and an orange. Gifts of clothing of all kinds, but especially boys' suits, toys, cakes, fruit, &c., will be gratefully received at the hospital; and all friends of the hospital are invited to be present.

Mr. Clement Scott writes earnestly appealing for aid in the good work of supplying the poor children of the Drury-lane district with a dinner and entertainment on Christmas Eve. He states that, thanks to Miss Edith Woodworth, the founder of the feast, Mr. J. L. Toole, without whom the dinner would never have been made an annual institution, and a few others, sufficient money has been promised to give a royal dinner of honest roast beef, potatoes, plum-pudding, and mince-pies to at least 1500 hungry children. What is now wanted are presents of fruits, tops, and other articles, and the assistance of ladies who are able and willing to work energetically and cheerfully in serving the dinner and unpacking and distributing the presents.

Lady Burnett, the owner of a large property in the district of Thurles, has notified to her tenants that she will grant an abatement of 35 per cent on the present scale. All her land is at present let at Griffiths' valuation.

Her Majesty, by Order in Council, has been pleased to declare that the conditions of the Patent Act, 1883, under which an application for a patent is not to be invalidated by the exhibition of an invention at an international exhibition, are to apply to the Paris Universal Exhibition, and also that exhibitors are to be relieved from the conditions of the above Act, under which they were required to give notice to the Comptroller of Patents of their intention to exhibit the article afterwards sought to be patented. The regulations also apply to designs intended to be registered.



PIANO FOR THE RAJAH OF KOOCH-BEHAR: MANUFACTURERS, MESSRS. JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS.

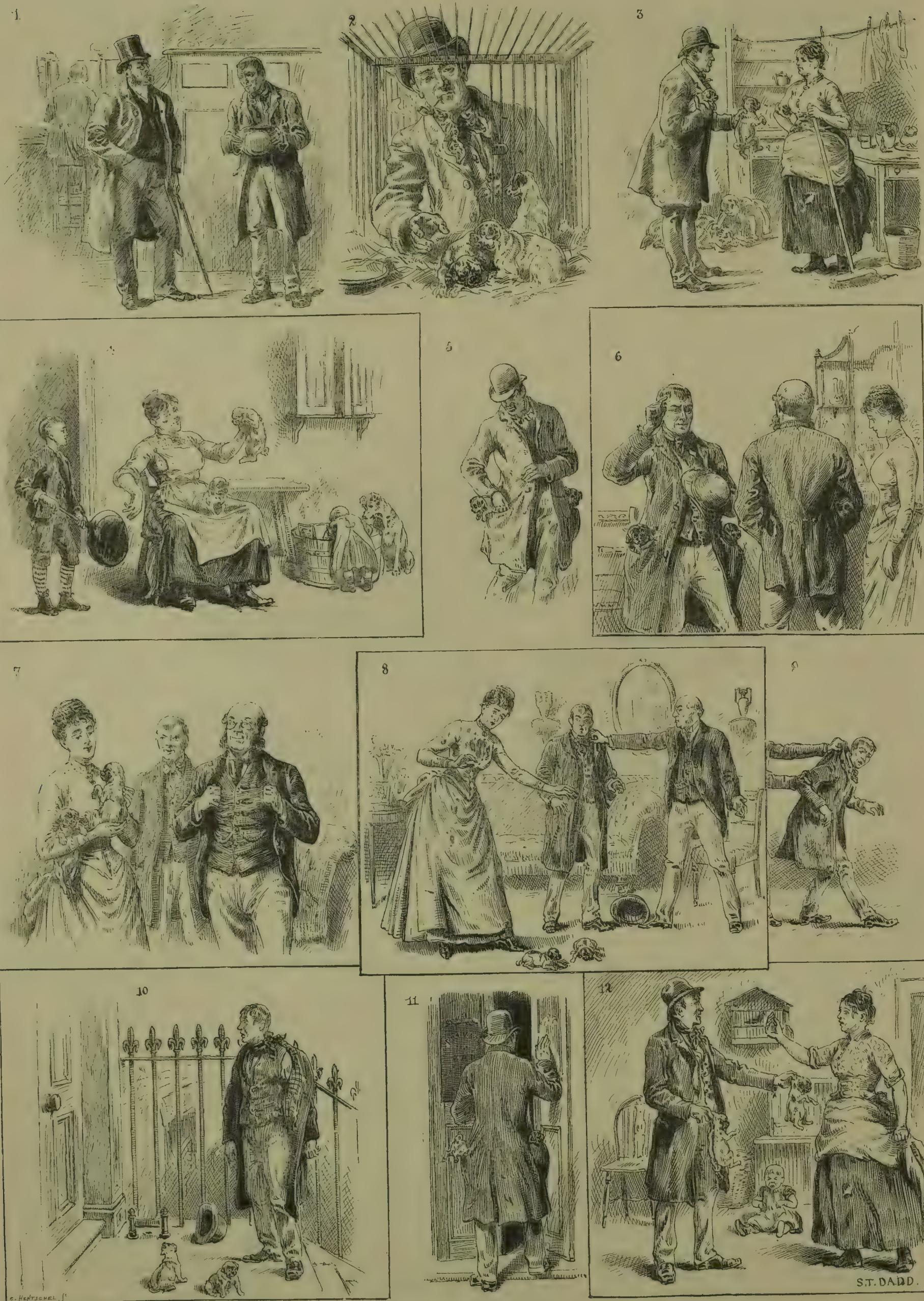
that the great institution of expectorating might be somewhat mitigated? In the ordinary railroad cars the central passage is not fit to pass along, as it is the spot where the occupants of seats on each side eject their saliva with startling frequency and suddenness. The Pullman cars are provided with spittoons of brass or porcelain; these are also freely supplied in private houses, hotels, theatres, picture-galleries, legislative chambers and other places of public resort. It is not uncommon to see notices affixed to the walls asking persons not to spit on the floor; but these notices are disregarded. To a benighted British Islander this is revolting; but all he can do is to endure and thus protest against the modern form of the Declaration of Independence.

W. H. S. A.

A PIANO FOR AN INDIAN PRINCE.

The piano manufactured for the Rajah of Kooch-Behar by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, of Wigmore-street, is an exceedingly handsome piece of furniture in addition to being an exceptionally fine musical instrument, both in quality of tone and touch. The case is in solid, deep-coloured mahogany, handsomely carved, and inlaid with engraved marqueterie; and to ensure its standing the extreme and trying climate to which it is going, every glueing throughout the piano has been secured by screws, whilst the metal framework which withstands the strain of the strings (nearly 30 tons) is in one solid piece and is fitted with "Brinsmead's" patent screw tuning-pins, thus dispensing with all woodwork in this portion of the piano, whilst ensuring the instrument remaining in good order under conditions which would prove fatal to pianos manufactured on the old system. The mechanism, every part of which is secured by rivets, &c., is the "patent perfect check repeater action" so celebrated for its excellent blow, repeat, and delicacy of touch which it retains under the most trying climatic conditions.

The announcement that the Old Irish Market-place was to be kept open at the Winter Exhibition at Olympia has been hailed with delight by the cottage workers in all parts of Ireland, and hundreds of parcels have been received containing beautifully executed and cheap articles of all kinds made chiefly in cottage homes.



1. Mr. Bompas, wanting a pet puppy for his young wife, consults Weazole, the dealer in fancy dogs.
2. Weazole inspects his stock, but finds none of the desired black-and-white.
3. Clever Mrs. Weazole is ordered "to get 'em ready for showing."

4. She touches 'em up with black from the frying-pan.
5. Weazole pockets the black-and-white puppies.
6. He calls on Mr. Bompas.
7. Mrs. Bompas: "Oh, what little beauties!"
8. Suddenly: "Why, what's all this black stuff on me?"

9. Bompas: "Here, get out!"
10. Weazole cast out on the doorstep.
11. He seeks consolation.
12. At home, rebuking Mrs. Weazole, he gets her reply: "If you'd kept 'em cool, it wouldn't have come off!"



S.T. DADD.

"A WELCOME VISITOR."—DRAWN BY S. T. DADD.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The great event of the week is the discomfiture of the Panama Canal Company and the futile intervention of the Cabinet with a view to preventing another crash like that of the Union Générale. Owing to the partial failure of the issue of the last Panama Loan of 1888, and the repeated failure of the re-issue of the unsold bonds a few days ago, the Panama Company is in difficulties for want of money, and therefore the Minister of Finance, considering the importance of the enterprise, the immensity of the capital engaged, and, above all, the number of persons who have subscribed, introduced a Bill to authorise the company to suspend payments for three months, which would give the company time to make new arrangements. The capital already actually subscribed and engaged in the works of the Canal is £399,716,051f. The 600,000 shares of the company appear to be held by 400,000 subscribers, mostly small capitalists and peasants. After a long discussion the Chamber rejected the Bill by 256 against 181 and 100 abstentions. The ruin of Panama will be a great blow to the small capitalists of France and a national misfortune, and it is hard to see how this ruin can be avoided, even given the energy and popularity of M. De Lesseps. One thing seems clear already—that the prestige of M. De Lesseps will not suffer from the disaster and that the burden of unpopularity will fall upon the Deputies and upon the Republic. The 400,000 Frenchmen who have lost money in Panamas will vote dead against the members of the present Chamber of Deputies next spring, and their tendency will be to cry "Vive Boulangier!"

People are talking once more about the destiny of woman, to which attention has been called by two recent incidents—the brilliant medical examination passed in Paris by a Polish girl, Mdlle. Schultze; and the refusal of the Brussels Appeal Court to allow Mdlle. Popelin to practise as a lawyer. The Brussels Judges do not admit that a woman has the legal aptitude for practising law. The modern legislator does not acknowledge the right of a woman to do anything without the consent of her husband; it cannot, therefore, admit that she can do for others what she is not allowed to do for herself. Furthermore, the Belgians consider that woman's place in society imposes upon her duties that are irreconcileable with the profession of law, for the exercise of which she has neither leisure, strength, nor aptitude. Mdlle. Schultze, who is only twenty-one years of age, devoted herself in her thesis to proving that female doctors had rendered great services already, and were destined to render still greater services in the future. Dr. Charcot replied to her, and blamed this new ambition of women to become doctors, not that he contested their aptitudes, but because they refused to play secondary rôles and to go and practise obscurely in the provinces. They all want to be "swells" at Paris. Dr. Charcot also combated the young lady on aesthetic grounds, maintaining that certain parts of the practice of medicine were incongruous with her beauty and her dress; nevertheless, he did full justice to her talent, and Mdlle. Schultze starts out in life with a brilliant diploma from the Faculty of Paris.

At the theatres we have to record a new piece, "L'Escadron volant de la Reine," music by Litoff, at the Opéra Comique, rather old-fashioned both in plot and music—the piece was written fifteen years ago; and "La Sécurité des Familles," by Albin Valabregue, at the Vaudeville. This latter comedy, in three acts, promises to be almost as great a success as the "Surprises du Divorce," which has had an immense run. At the Théâtre Libre, in "La Mort du Duc d'Enghien," M. Hennique has produced three tableaux of striking simplicity, which form the best specimen hitherto written of the documentary or analytic drama which some would call "naturalistic." This piece has had immense success.

At the present moment France possesses nearly one million of the new Lebel guns, which gives just one gun for each man of the active, reserve, and territorial armies. In war-time the allowance necessary is four guns per man, and in order to complete this stock the small arms manufactories of Saint-Etienne, Tulle, and Châtellerault, will work in 1889 and 1890 producing at the rate of 3000 guns a day. During the year 1889 the War Department will spend 138 millions of francs in transforming the armament of the infantry, creating stores of the new Lebel cartridges, modifying the artillery projectiles, providing the frontier forts with stronger guns, strengthening the coast and other fortifications, and building new barracks.

M. Réan has just published the second volume of his very fascinating "History of the People of Israel," this instalment embracing the period from the reign of David to the capture of Samaria and the career of the prophet Isaiah.

The booksellers' shops are now overflowing with volumes and gift-books specially published for the New Year's present season. The quantity of so-called éditions de luxe is enormous, and the wonder is who can buy them; for while admitting that bibliophilism is a growing modern passion, the number of people who can buy guinea books is limited. Amongst the most interesting novelties I notice the "Histoire de la Société Française pendant la Révolution," by E. and J. De Goncourt (1 vol. 4to, Quantin), enriched with numerous reproductions in black-and-white and in colours from contemporary documents, the whole forming a most curious and interesting panorama of the men, manners, and things of that agitated epoch. A curious innovation: the cover of this volume is a facsimile of some paper-hangings of the period covered with revolutionary emblems. Quantin is also the publisher of a handsome volume, "L'Italie du Nord," by G. De Léris, profusely illustrated and agreeably written. The author has studied more particularly modern Italy; and, besides picturesque description, he has collected a great mass of information about the public, administrative, and private life of modern Italy. The same firm publishes a mass of children's books and coloured albums, remarkable for their excellence and cheapness.

The Comte d'Haussonville was received at the French Academy, on Dec. 13, with the usual ceremony. M. d'Haussonville succeeds M. Caro, whose panegyric he pronounced.—At the Comédie Française, there is trouble between the manager and some of the actors, and, in consequence of words exchanged, M. Febvre has given in his resignation. A vigorous campaign has been begun against M. Claretie, the present administrator, under whose régime the Comédie Française has not prospered.—Duels have been so numerous of late that it has been impossible to note them. This week M. Clémenceau and M. Maurel fought with swords about an incident of the recent election in the Var. M. Clémenceau was wounded under the right arm, but not very seriously.—A committee has been formed with a view to erecting a monument at Paris in the Jardin des Plantes to the great sculptor of animals, Antoine Louis Barye. In order to raise the necessary funds an exhibition of Barye's works will be held in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts during the month of May.—A monument to the novelist Balzac, by Emile Soldi, will be shortly inaugurated at Ville d'Avray at the expense of the living novelists, Edmond De Goncourt, Zola, Guy De Maupassant, and Paul Bourget. This is quite independent of the two statues of Balzac which are being made for Paris and for Tours.

T. C.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

HERKWARD.—White has the option of compelling Black to retract his move, which he might exercise and then resign. We think, however, in the interest of correct play, and out of fairness to other competitors, no quarter should be shown even to palpable errors."

COLUMBUS.—You would also have noticed such problems were condemned as unsound. They have only appeared because the second solution escaped notice. New problem to hand with thanks.

E. BOHNSTEIN.—Your solutions were omitted by accident, and due credit is now given to you for them. Has your friend's problem been published elsewhere? If not, send solution. Your own is curiously like No. 2328, and it is too similar in position for publication.

Ivo.—A letter to Simpson's Divan, Strand, W.C., or British Chess Club, King-street, Covent-garden, would probably find him.

J. Ross.—Black answers by 2 P takes P en passant, and there is no mate.

G. U. B.—To prevent a second solution.

J. OLVER (Stroud-green).—A well constructed position, but rather too simple for a mate in two moves.

CARSLAKE WOOD.—Many thanks for name and notice.

D. A. (Dublin).—We may make use of your contribution in our next number, but are a little doubtful whether it is not too difficult for the purpose.

A. H. LEALEY.—In what locality do you seek a club? You could not do better than join the City, which includes places of all classes.

W. HEITZMAN.—Neat; but not strategical enough for publication. Try again.

W. GLEAVE.—Your problem can be solved by 1. Q to Q 2nd (ch), followed by 2. R to K 8th, &c.

D. MCCOY.—Rather too easy. Try and give Black more strength. D. Nutt, Strand, supplies all foreign chess publications.

G. W. LENNOX (Cardiff).—Most acceptable.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2328 received from E. Bohnstedt (Berne) and F. Clark (Toronto); of No. 2329 from J. Bryden, W. Von Beverhout, J. F. and Laura D.; of No. 2330 from E. Bohnstedt, J. Blakie, Dr F. St. W. Hayton, Dr Fraser (Totnes), D. Gay, H. Barley, J. Bryden, G. Ashwell, John G. Grant, P. C. (The Hague), and W. F. Payne.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2331 received from Thomas Chown, E. Loudon, R. Worters (Canterbury), J. Blakie, C. E. P. Hereward, Bernard Reynolds, Dawn, Martin F., A. Newman, J. Coad, Howard A., Jupiter Junior, E. Casella (Paris), T. Roberts, Julia Short, Dr F. St. L. Desanges, Lt.-Col. Loraine (Newcastle), G. J. Vale, Charles Worrall, T. G. Ware, Shadforth, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), F. C. Cook (Rendles), J. Bryden, W. Heitzman, W. E. Cartwright, W. Von Beverhout, G. U. B. (Manchester), G. W. G. Brodie, W. F. Payne, J. T. Tucker (Leeds), T. H. Wilson, J. T. W. Blair, H. Cochrane, Arthur H. Emanuel, A. W. Young (Tettenhall), R. F. Banks, Ruby Rook, R. H. Brooks, W. H. Hayton, E. Phillips, E. Lucas, Percy Ewen, and W. Hillier.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2329.

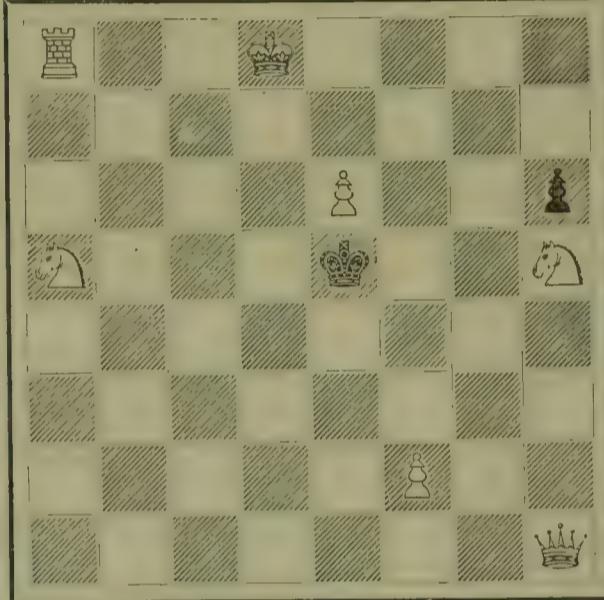
WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Kt 7th P to K 5th
2. Kt to Q 7th Any move
3. Mat.

This problem can also be solved by 1. Kt to B 7th, &c.

PROBLEM NO. 2333.

By W. BIDDLE.

BLACK.



WHITE to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT PLYMOUTH.

Game played at Plymouth Chess Club between Mr. CARSLAKE WOOD and the Rev. H. C. BRIGGS in a tournament for a silver cup.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Rev. H. C. Briggs). (Mr. Wood).	(Mr. Wood).	(Rev. H. C. Briggs). (Mr. Wood).	(Mr. Wood).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	opponent. By this brilliant stroke he loses two pieces, both of which would have been saved by 15. K to Q 2nd.	
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	K B to Q B 4th	15.	Q takes B
3. P to K B 4th	P takes P	16.	Q to Q 3rd P to K B 4th
4. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 3rd	17.	Castles (Q. R.) P takes B
5. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	18.	Kt takes P Kt to K 2nd
6. B takes P	Q B to K Kt 5th	19.	K R to K sq Castles
7. B to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd	20.	Kt to Q B 3rd (ch) Q to K Kt 4th (ch)
8. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt	21.	K to Kt sq K to Q B 3rd
9. B takes B	Q to R 5th (ch)	22.	Q to B 4th (ch) K to R sq
10. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to B 3rd	23.	R to K B sq R to Q Kt sq
	Made wholly in the interest of the enemy.	24.	Kt to Q 5th Kt to Q R 4th
11. P to K 5th	P takes P	25.	Q to K 4th Kt to B sq
12. B takes P	P take P wins Black's Q R without further ado.	26.	R to K B 5th Q takes P
	White must be complimented on the ingenuity with which he loses the game. It would have been difficult to frustrate away a won position in fewer moves.	27.	Q to R B sq Q to Kt 3rd
13. B takes Q Kt P	Kt to Q B 3rd.	28.	Kt to K 7th Q to R 2nd
14. B takes R	Kt takes Q P	29.	P to R 4th It to K sq
15. K B to K 4th		30.	Q to Q 5th R takes Kt
	White vies in generosity with his	31.	Q takes R, and White resigns.

The handicap at Simpson's is making fair progress, with Messrs. Lee and Pollock leading. Each have won six and lost one; but they are closely followed by Mr. Gibbons with five and a half wins, and Mr. Bird with five, to their respective credits.

A match between the chess clubs of the Railway Clearing-House and the London and North-Western Railway, played at the rooms of the former on Dec. 6, resulted in a victory for the home team by nine games to five, two being drawn.

The Zukertort Chess Club played a match against the Thistle Chess Club on Dec. 5 and proved victorious by five games to one.

The following problem gained the first prize in the Andrews Turney, in the British Chess Magazine, by Jan Kotrc:—

White : K at Q R sq, Q at K Kt 3rd, R's at K B 2nd and K B 8th, P's at Q 3rd, Q B 4th, Q R 4th, Q Kt 5th and K 5th.

Black : K at Q 2nd, B at K R 6th, P's at K 2nd, Q B 4th, Q R 4th, and K Kt 5th. White to play and mate in three moves.

On Thursday, Dec. 6, Mr. Blackburne gave an exhibition of simultaneous play at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, St. Giles's-street, under the auspices of the Norwich Association Chess Club, against twenty-nine picked players of the district. Mr. Blackburne played at a great rate, and finished his task in exactly four hours, with the splendid record of twenty-six games won and three drawn. The result was received with applause. The gentlemen who secured draws were Messrs. Herbert W. Daws, A. E. Legood, and G. Meacham. Mr. Blackburne also paid a visit to the Plymouth Chess Club on Dec. 12, where he gave his usual blindfold scéance against eight opponents, six of whom he defeated and drew against two. Being the first exhibition of the kind in Plymouth, it attracted a large and interested crowd of spectators.

Mr. Edward James Castle, Q.C., has been appointed Recorder of the city of Winchester, in the place of Mr. Mackenochie, who has resigned upon being appointed a county-court Judge.

The Rev. H. L. Thompson, M.A., Rector of Iron Acton, Gloucestershire, has been nominated by the trustees to be Warden of Radley College, in succession to Mr. Wilson, who has been appointed Warden of Keble College.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

Once more the flight of Father Time has brought round the season of holly, and the "mistletoe bough" decks the walls, and (in a Pickwickian sense), "more convenient" localities in the homes of the land. Perchance few of us give a thought to the debt we owe to the world of plants at the season of Yule. Holly and mistletoe are inseparable from the folk-lore of Christmas, and the forces, tendencies, habits—call them what you will—which have evolved the greenness of these plants, have contributed much to the grateful associations of the time. When other forms of vegetation have died off or are sleeping out the winter's chill, the holly, with its green and red, and the mistletoe with its equally attractive if quieter and more subdued hues, remain with us to remind us of hopes and aspirations extending far beyond the season of the snow. I think there is a tacit reflection cast from these plants into human life, bidding us be of good cheer, advising us to tide over the wintry side of life, and inspiring us with hope for the future. The old associations of mistletoe and holly abide with us as part and parcel of our social life, and unconsciously affect us by their tale of life and vitality when most things else are quiescent and still, and give no sign of life at all. Away back in the history of the Gauls, we know how the mistletoe played its part in the mystic rites of that race. On the sixth day after the first new moon of the year we can see, in our mind's eye, the two white oxen placed for the first time under the yoke, and the High Druid, in his white garments, golden sickle in hand. We can see him cut the mistletoe from the oak, and behold the plant reverently received in a white cloth as it falls. Then comes the sacrifice of the oxen, and the distribution of the sacred leaves to the people. All these things, ideas, and ceremonies have long passed away, and have become merged in that "illimitable azure of the past" which receives so many of the hopes and fears of the human race; but mistletoto remains with us—a symbol of the reviving year about to dawn, and a promise of the new life which the advent of the spring will proclaim.

That something of the lower nature often commingles with higher things is, unfortunately, a fact of life that needs no new illustration. Mistletoe is a "parasite" on apple and oak, and parasites belong to the groundlings among life's children. There is no nobility in the character of animal or plant which attaches itself to another living being, either as a lodger or a boarder, or in the double capacity of an unbidden guest. Plant-morals, like animal-morals, are often of the grossly utilitarian type. If a living being is cunning enough to take life easy by absorbing the food which another child of life prepares for its own use, the parasite doubtless benefits by its assumption of the rôle of unwelcome guest. But "the whirligig of time brings in its revenges." There is a stern decree of that implacable female, Madre Natura, which declares that parasitism includes the lowering of the form which sacrifices its vital independence to luxurious comfort and inglorious ease. In animals, legs, stomachs, eyes, and other belongings are swept away when the parasite, attaching itself to another animal, is found to have no use for the organs of free and normal existence. This is the penalty of parasitism everywhere—degradation and backsliding in the vital scale. Yet in our mistletoe there is one redeeming feature. Parasite though it may be, it has still a saving clause in its botanical character. I have before me a piece of an apple-tree's branch. It has been cut through dexterously enough, and the relations of a sprig of mistletoe which has attached itself to the bough are rendered clear and distinct. The mistletoe is not merely a lodger on the apple; it is a boarder likewise. Like certain dissatisfied tenants now-a-days, it insists on holding to its landlord, while it declines to pay rent in any shape or form. Into the substance of the apple-tree, the parasite has dipped its sucking roots, and a whole array of these roots is seen in my section, serving to drink up into the mistletoe-plant the sap which the apple-tree has made and elaborated for its own use. There is no intermingling here of parasite and prey. It is an attachment pure and simple for purposes of lodgment and food.

If you go back in mistletoe-life perchance you may trace the beginning of this curious habit. The berries of mistletoe, when examined closely, are seen to contain a very glutinous fluid. The ripe berry is, in fact, a mass of vegetable gum, which is developed in the rind or covering of the fruit. This gum is part and parcel of a distinct purpose in mistletoe-life. When the birds attack the berries and liberate the seeds, the latter, falling on the bark of trees, adhere thereto by aid of the natural glue they contain or possess. This is the first step in the act of parasitism. The bird acts as the unconscious distributor of the mistletoe-seeds, and the plant, which has tacitly bargained for this conveyance (through its offer of a free breakfast-table to the bird), then works out its own life-purposes. Once settled on the bark of the tree, the mistletoe-seed, in virtue of its inborn instinct, appreciates its surroundings. In the earth, where a respectable seed is at home, it would perish and die. On the apple-tree's bark it is in clover. It has found its haven, and now makes the most of its chance. Germination of the seed is soon set up, and then the radicle, which is simply the youthful root, penetrates the bark of the tree, and seeks out a special layer of the stem of its host. This is the layer, near the bark, through which the sap ascends. Now, this fluid forms what botanists call the "crude" sap. It is on its way, in other words, to become perfected in the leaves of the apple-tree. Once in the leaves of its own proper maker, the sap would acquire all the properties which fit it for the nourishment of the plant. Why, then, does the mistletoe select the imperfect sap of its host, in place of drawing from the tissues of its prey the perfect material?

The answer to this question brings us back to that remark of mine wherein I declared that a redeeming feature existed in the constitution of the mistletoe-bough. Our parasite has not passed quite to the depths of life's degradation after all. It still harbours a habit of food-making which constitutes a saving clause in its moral character. For the crude sap which it absorbs by aid of its roots passes into the mistletoe's own frame, and there undergoes a further elaboration. Into its leaves pass the undigested products of the apple-tree's work, and in the leaves the stolen sap is made fit for nourishing the parasite's own blossoms, and for developing the berries and seeds which are to lay the foundations of the new mistletoe race. The green leaves of our parasite also teach us that it may and does do something more in the work of food-making. Green leaves always mean a power of absorbing from the air the carbonic acid gas which forms part of the food of every green plant. Your colourless mushroom will have none of this gas; it is a more dainty feeder, and demands something of the animal dietary. Mistletoe, perchance, is on the way to lower things. Parasitism seldom remains a stable habit of life; and if the forces of Nature work out their end—as, apparently, they have done in other plants—there may dawn a far-off Christmas season when mistletoe, having lost its leaves, and parted with the last evidences of its independence, will no longer remain to cheer the heart of man, or to grace the social life of Yule.

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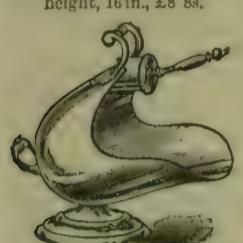


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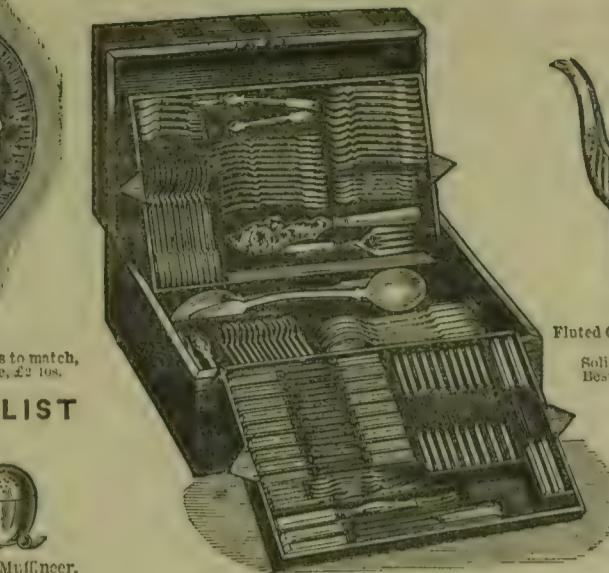
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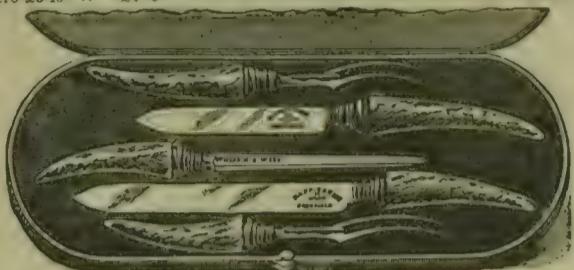
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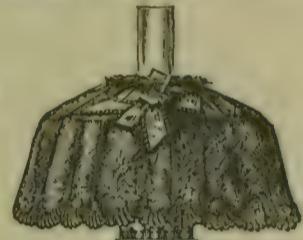
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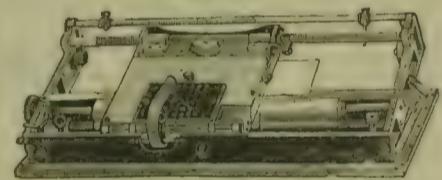
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

There has recently been a "professional matinée" at the St. James's, so that a few notes on the acting of Mr. Gilbert's new play, "Brantingham Hall," that is said to be very much improved in every way, may be considered of interest. It is almost time, now, that Miss Julia Neilson should be allowed, under kindly guidance, to think out her characters for herself, to live in them more, to sink her individuality in the woman she personates, and to show more spontaneity and impulse. This handsome young lady has great gifts for the stage—an interesting face, a handsome presence, and a voice that is capable, under proper training, of being very effective. Her acting as Ruth Redmayne appeared to lack sincerity; her art is not as yet touched with any magnetism. She appeals to the admiration of her audience, as Miss Mary Anderson did, but not as yet to their sympathies. Her passion is theatrical rather than true; her grief is deliberate and formal. At present she is an actress of the highest promise; but all who are interested in the early appearance of a young and beautiful lady could have wished her to show some sign of that imaginative and emotional quality that is, after all, of more value to the stage than the best gifts of Nature. In the character of the restless, storm-tost, passion-haunted Ralph, Mr. Lewis Waller made not a step, but a bound, to the front; for he showed to us not the mere exterior or outer shell of a man, but his mind and his heart. He made love with the desperation of earnestness; he hated with the recklessness of despair. If Mr. Gilbert really wanted to show us a man not wholly lost or vile, pining for sympathy and tortured by irresolution; a man whose early errors might have been condoned by a loving woman; a man whose smothered goodness might have been awakened by the touch of a tender hand, then Mr. Lewis Waller certainly conveyed the idea of such a man. He was not at all the conventional stage villain, but a complex composition of good and bad admirably differentiated by the actor. A performance that touches the emotional qualities and stimulates the intelligence of an audience is one surely to be singled out for special observation. It may be asked why is Mr. Lewis Waller so highly praised in some quarters, when to the ordinary observer, perhaps, there is nothing so very remarkable in his performance? So much the worse for the ordinary observer. At any rate Ralph, as presented, is a man, and not a shadow; he is flesh and blood, not a dressed up tailor's dummy. Mr. Waller can make his face evil for the purposes of his art; but his voice mellow with the same design. Now that the stage is crowded—many think overcrowded—with young men of refinement and education, surely it is right to point out an instance where an actor has gone to human nature for his model, and has got inside the character. How easy to make him a stage villain; how difficult to make us sympathise with the buried faith and the expiring sense of honour in the heart of a bad man! A man too weak to resist temptation, too coated with worldly indifference to stray far from despair and hopelessness, but who finds absolution in the contact of women's purity, an angel in a woman's face, is of all characters the most difficult to paint, the most subtle to portray. Mr. Gilbert has, in Ralph, given us a fine and noble picture; Mr. Lewis Waller has realised him with a true sense of art. Mr. Fleet and Miss Rose Norreys can only play the little Gilbertian lovers one way, and that is the correct one. They both understand Mr. Gilbert's satire, and they must know that it is impossible to make the young people natural. No boy or girl ever talked like that except in Mr. Gilbert's comical world; it is a relief that they are comic. Mr. Rutland Barrington and

Mrs. Gaston Murray are of great assistance to the play at awkward moments; and a singularly dignified and natural picture of an old conscientious Peer is given by Mr. Nutcombe Gould, an actor of taste and discrimination.

Before we take leave of "Brantingham Hall," a play that lays itself open to much criticism on the first night, that has been altered and amended in accordance with that criticism, that has been improved as all plays will improve when blemishes are removed and actresses get over their nervousness, it may be interesting to note the sensitive irritability of the most experienced authors. Mr. Gilbert is reported to have taken the extraordinary and quite undignified course of "reporting" one of the critics to his editor and proprietor as if he were some wretched, trembling schoolboy, who deserved a whipping or a caning from a headmaster. This author has peculiar views as to his own power. Not content with writing plays and manufacturing actors and actresses, he would also be at the head of a school of critics, and dictate to them, birch in hand. Autocracy cannot go further than that. He would write his own plays, force artists into his own views of acting them, and insist on how they ought to be reviewed for the family breakfast-table. We cannot believe that the public, or editors, or anyone else will follow Mr. Gilbert up to that point. He is a very clever man, but his dictatorship must have a limit; and it will most certainly be drawn at his new theory of ordering from the newspapers the style of criticism that suits him best. He is further said to have announced his firm and fixed determination to write no more plays. Like his predecessor, Achilles, he has gone into his tent to brood in silence over the iniquity of his assailants. He has given to the world his last work, and the theatres are to go into mourning in consequence of this unalterable determination. If Mr. Gilbert were really serious this would, no doubt, be a subject of regret. He has done most admirable work for the stage. Many of his plays will live and are already stage classics. As a humourist he has no rival; as an earnest, pure writer he has set an excellent and honourable example throughout his career. But Mr. Gilbert is not really serious. If we mistake not he announced the same crushing threat when his clever play "Gretchen" was not criticised in accordance with the canons that are most agreeable to him. He has done excellent work since then; and he will do excellent work still when the disappointment that has been caused by "Brantingham Hall" is buried and forgotten. But the manner in which he expresses his vexation is as unwise as it is ungenerous. Journalists who have as much experience in their craft as Mr. Gilbert has in his are not schoolboys, and, strange as it may appear, their headmasters refuse to order them to the block for castigation. Mr. Gilbert has a masterful mind, and loves to rule; but it would be a bad thing for the stage if critics as well as artists were to be turned out by the dozen from the Gilbertian patent manufactory!

The series of special matinées started by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at the Haymarket has been very successfully inaugurated with the fine old comedy "Masks and Faces," that has been twice performed to brilliant audiences. There must be some relief to long runs, and these matinées will afford very special delight to many earnest playgoers. Mrs. Bernard Beere's Peg Woffington is a very popular performance; Mr. Tree's Triplet a most interesting artistic experiment; whilst Mabel Vane has scarcely before been so delightfully acted as by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, who is rapidly arriving at a very high place in her profession.

Miss Kate Vaughan, in a new version of one of Alexandre

Dumas's strongest stage homilies, well rendered by Mr. Campbell Clarke, has been made welcome at the new Grand Theatre at Islington. The heroine of "Love and Honour" somewhat overtaxes the strength of this charming actress, but she shows in it much feeling and no little emotional power. She does not allow the audience to depart without one of her charming and inimitable dances. A trial matinée was given of a wild drama called "Stormcoast," and it is not likely that it will ever be heard of again. That such plays can ever be written, studied, and produced is a marvel indeed.

The command of the Garrison Artillery at Woolwich has been bestowed on Colonel B. Tupper, R.A.

Sir Robert Stuart, Q.C., has been elected Treasurer of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, in succession to Mr. Justice Kay.

The new building at Temple Bar for the Law Courts Branch of the Bank of England is open to the public for general banking business.

Mr. Joseph Smith, of Great New-street, has issued a new and revised edition of his "A B C Guide to London," a capital pennyworth.

The City Lands Committee has decided to demolish Newgate Prison and the adjoining Old Bailey Sessions House. They are the property of the Corporation, though the State possesses rights to their use, for which the Home Secretary is trustee.

The Court of Common Council has resolved to invite Prince George of Wales to take upon himself the freedom of the City, to which he is entitled by patrimony; and also to confer the freedom of the City on Lord Dufferin.

The new American Episcopal church and parsonage at Nice were consecrated on Dec. 13 by Bishop Lyman. The edifice has cost £8000, the whole of which has been subscribed by American visitors to Nice. The parsonage cost £4000.

The French Academy of Science has awarded the Janssen gold medal for discoveries having a direct bearing on the progress of astronomy to Mr. Huggins, of the Royal Astronomical Society of England, who is a corresponding member of the Institute.

Mr. Francis Darwin, of Trinity College, Cambridge. University Reader in Botany, has been elected to a fellowship at Christ's College, where his father, Charles Darwin, the famous naturalist, entered in 1827 at the age of twenty-two. Mr. Darwin's election was not by examination, but is a recognition of the useful work which he has some years been doing in the university.

A clock has been placed in the handsome new Townhall at Trowbridge. Both the Townhall and the clock are the gift of Mr. T. R. Brown. A number of estimates were obtained from various noted makers, and that of J. W. Benson was selected by the architect. The clock shows the time upon two dials of skeleton iron of special design with ornamental centres, and chimes the quarters upon two bells and the hours upon a third one, the total of the three bells being 24 cwt.

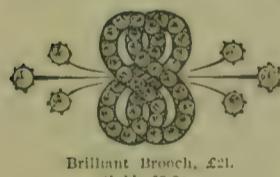
The public response to the appeal made on behalf of Guy's Hospital has been so generous—£97,000 having been already subscribed—that the Governors have been enabled to increase the number of four hundred beds, to which the hospital had been reduced. There is every prospect that the Governors will find themselves able to set up the six hundred beds which can be accommodated in the establishment through the incoming of continued contributions.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Here is the children's season again! For the next fortnight or more there will be small time for anything in child-provided homes but studying the amusement of those little happy folk who are privileged by the season to take the first place. The chief compensation for the disturbance of habits, the influx of bills, and the fatiguing obtrusion of one idea in shop-windows and in literature, is the reflection of how children enjoy Christmas. Theirs is rather a mercenary pleasure, and rather a greedy one, it is true; the additions to the stock of toys or other possessions, and the nice things to eat, form—well, maybe ninety-nine per cent of the sum-total of juvenile delight. Perhaps it would be inconvenient if we asked ourselves how much of our pleasure rests on no more elevated grounds. Children enjoy taste so keenly that (short of making them ill) it is worth while to indulge their appetite now and then in season. Would that I could now enjoy anything as erst I did cocoanut candy, strawberries, green peas, lemon ices, mince pies, jam puffs (the three-cornered ones, twopence each at the confectioner's—alas! when one has the taste one has not the twopence; when the twopences are available the savour of the viand has fled!), pine-apple, muscatel grapes, roasted chestnuts, cherry tart and fizzing lemonade! I do not think that all those things can grow or be manufactured now-a-days as they used to be in "the sixties." Something has happened, at all events; and if I had not memories, I could not now discover, seek as I might, what matchless flavours veritably lie in earthly foods. Old Scotch nurses used to say of babes who looked around with great wondering eyes and smiled upon vacancy, that they beheld the angels, who become invisible to older sight. Who knows? The physical senses certainly dull with age. The wild rapture of life's morning can never be regained; and nothing in after years can make up to a man or woman for missing the intenser joys and keener pleasures of childhood. In a word, let us give our children what we may and while we may: with, as a matter of course, that due sense of results and ultimate consequences which true kindness and ordinary prudence require. But it is so great a thing to give happy hours in childhood for memory to store away that I for one will count Christmas as a good season for the children's sake.

Properly brought-up youngsters are made happy with very little; but they much appreciate novelties, which arouse the

fresh vivid interest that their minds have at command. There are various alternatives for the familiar Christmas-tree which it is worth while to trouble to get up occasionally for a party. The simplest is to persuade some good-natured young man to enact Father Christmas, who comes in bearing a sack of presents on his back, and clad in an old long overcoat well-powdered (after being sprinkled with water) with flour, intermixed with a little of the glistening powdered glass that can be bought at theatrical costumiers. He should be provided also with a big white wig and long beard, which can be hired for the occasion, or made out of tow if necessary: the face should be well covered, for the disguise and the "fearful joy" of it are half the fun. He should not speak, but should direct the formation of a circle around him and indicate when each child is to approach to receive his gift by signs made with the big branch of holly or fir that he must carry. In these arrangements he would be aided by one or two of the elders of the party.

Another novelty by means of which the presents can be distributed is a snow cave. It should be placed in a corner of a room—preferably another room than that in which the games and dancing are going on—and at the proper moment the children are introduced into the chamber, and then sent, one by one, into the cave. The interior must be rather dark, lit by a coloured lamp or lanterns only, and scented by burning pastilles. There they will, one after another, receive their presents from the Sibyl, wrapped in mantle and hood, who inhabits the mysterious recesses. The cave is made up by throwing large sheets over a wooden open framework, which it is easy to construct by tying together a kitchen clothes-horse and two or three broomsticks. A rocky appearance must be given to the outline by padding it irregularly with tissue-paper, pinned on inside the sheet; and these projections can be effectively covered with a thin layer of damped cotton-wool, sprinkled with the powdered glass "frosting powder," so that the whole appearance is like that of a rocky cave covered with glistening snow. Another idea is to have the presents brought into the room in a wheelbarrow, with one or two boys dressed like postmen to distribute them to the rest of the children.

The object of the revision of the rules of the Central Committee of the Woman's Suffrage Society, made at the meeting on Dec. 12, was avowedly to introduce new enthusiasm into the movement. The *Times*, in a "leader" published the day following the meeting, declared that the real intention was to

"bring the women's suffrage movement into line with Gladstonianism." There may possibly be something in this idea. Certainly, the ladies opposing the revision were mainly Liberal-Unionist and Conservative, while the ambitious young Gladstonian M.P. who occupied the chair played strange tricks with his "little brief authority" in his anxiety to get the new rules through without delay, and the chief speakers in favour of the changes were prominent members of Women's Liberal Associations, one of whom I have myself heard describe women's suffrage as "a fad" which she would postpone to "the interests of the party." But for all the apparently unmistakable indications given by these tokens, the conclusion of the *Times* writer is not fundamentally correct. The prime movers in the revision have no intention of making the fatal mistake of introducing party feeling into what is essentially a non-party question. The object in view in the new rules is bringing into focus the feeling in favour of the political influence and enfranchisement of women which manifests itself in many forms of public work. Women are daily more and more being led to take a share in political action; men are themselves persuading their wives and daughters to join in it. The women thus induced to take an active interest in politics inevitably come to feel the need of the vote to give effect to their views, and to feel also that when they are doing the harder and more noisy and objectionable work of politics by canvassing, public speaking, and organising there can be no valid reason why they should not exercise influence by the far more simple, easy, and ladylike—while also more effective—method of recording their ballot. The new rules of the Women's Suffrage Society's Central Committee propose to affiliate to that society all other bodies and organisations which vote approval of its aims, and to allow them to send delegates in proportion to their subscription to the election of the executive of the Suffrage Committee. If the Primrose Leagues and Women's Unionist Associations do not accept the invitation, given to them equally with Gladstonian Associations, to help in the suffrage movement in this way, it will surely be their own fault. For my part, I am heartily glad to see an active movement of any kind. It is a token of vitality, a presage of speedy progress to success. In political movements there is nothing so much to be dreaded as stagnation; and even if women's suffrage has reached that stage when party leaders are beginning to bid for its control, it is a happy augury and not matter for regret.

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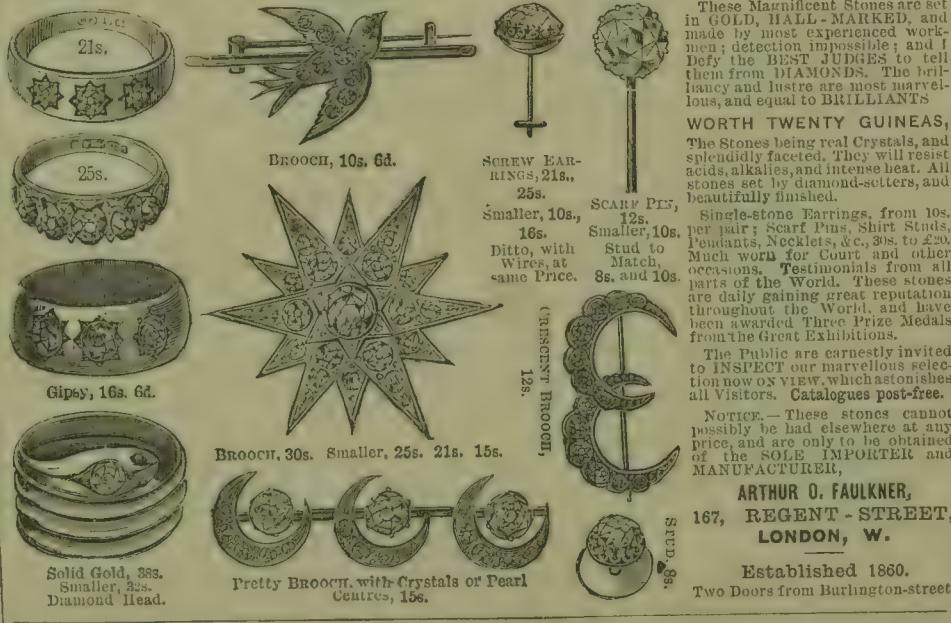
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the City of Edinburgh, of the trust, disposition, and settlement (dated May 23, 1883) of Mr. John Clerk Brodie, C.B., late of Idvies, Deputy Keeper of the Signet and Keeper of the General Register of Sasines for Scotland, who died on May 27, at No. 26, Moray-place, Edinburgh, granted to the Right Hon. James, Baron Moncrieff, Charles Bowman Logan, David Wardlow, the nephew, and James Howden, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 10, the value of the personal estate in England, Scotland, and Ireland amounting to upwards of £130,000.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1885), with a codicil (dated March 1, 1886), of Mr. Philip Thomas Fish, late of No. 18, Highbury - terrace, Islington; No. 7, Philip - lane, E.C.; and Birmingham, who died on Nov. 1, was proved on Dec. 7 by Samuel Bennett, the nephew, and Herbert Clifford Gosnell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £65,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the Orphan Asylum at Watford, the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead), Asylum for the Indigent Blind, the National Benevolent Society, the National Life-Boat Institution, the Hospital for Paralysis and Epilepsy (Queen-square), the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (Old Kent-road), the Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, and the Sea-Bathing Infirmary at Margate; £20 to the Holloway and North Islington Dispensary; £4000 to his nephew, Henry Bennett; £100 and an annuity of £150 to his niece, Ann Fish; £50 each to the children of Charles Francis Yates; £5000, upon trust, for Charles Francis Yates, for life, then to his wife, Louisa, for life, and then to their children; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his nephew, Samuel Bennett, for life; on his death, to his wife, Georgiana; and on the death of the survivor of them, as to the capital as well as the income, to their children, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 16, 1883), with a codicil (dated Oct. 11, 1886), of Mr. Griffith Thomas, late of Park House, Englefield Green, Egham, who died on Sept. 20, was proved on Dec. 6, by Henry Brockholes Thomas, the son, Samuel Hawkesley Burbury and William Walrond Ravenhill, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £52,000. The testator bequeaths £750 all his jewels, personal ornaments and consumable stores, and the use, for life, of his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Martha Thomas; £200 to his son Henry; £100 each to his daughters, Fannie Brockholes Thomas and Charlotte Maude Thomas; £100 each to his executors; £50 each to his son-in-law, Cecil Coward, and to his daughter-in-law, Helen; and gifts of plate and pictures between his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £1500 per annum to his wife for life; £200 per annum to his son, Henry; £100 per annum each to his daughters, Fannie and Charlotte, and the remainder of the income between his four children, Henry, Fannie, Charlotte, and Mrs. Catherine Elizabeth Coward. On the death of his wife he gives all his estate, and debentures and shares in the Slate Quarry Company, to his son; £2300 each to his daughters, Fannie and Charlotte, to make their share equal to that of his other daughter, Mrs. Coward; and the ultimate residue is to be divided into four parts, one for his son and one each, upon trust, for his three daughters.

The will (dated May 19, 1888) of Mr. John Egginton, late of South Ella, Yorkshire, who died on July 20 last, was proved

on Dec. 5 by Arthur Egginton, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £44,000. The testator gives £150 to his brother Robert; £100 to Thomas Holden, Thomas North, Charlotte Charles and Fanny Charles; £100 each to the Hull Dispensary and the Hull Infirmary; £6000 to his daughter Mary Frances Egginton, and £3300 and his house and stables, No. 117, St. George's-square, Pimlico, to his daughter, Elizabeth Egginton, the testator stating that his said two daughters are also otherwise provided for. The residue of his real and personal estate, including property over which he has a power of appointment, he leaves to his son Arthur absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1869) of Mr. Richard Cockerton, late of No. 83, Cornwall-gardens, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 1, at Winchester, was proved on Dec. 10 by Mrs. Clementina Cockerton, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £39,000. The testator assigns, disposes, and devises the whole of his estate, heritable and movable, real and personal, to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1887) of Mr. Thomas Alexander Roberts, late of the Manor Hall, St. John's-wood Park, South Hampstead, and No. 22, Throgmorton-street, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Dec. 10 by Thomas Gilbert Peckham, Charles Hill Devey, and Alexander Roberts, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £34,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, his household furniture, &c., the income, for life, of £6000 Two-and-a-Half per Cent Annuities, his shares in the Gas Light and Coke Company and the London Auction Mart to his wife; £1000 each to his nieces, Adela and Ethel Jenkinson; £3000 to his sister, Mrs. Fanny Jenkinson; £1000 to his daughter, Mrs. Florence Mary Rogers; £500 to his niece, Mrs. Cecil Greenwood; £500 to augment the funds of the Auctioneers' Benevolent Fund; £100 to the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots; £100 to his partner, Mr. Radmill; £600 between his executors; and other legacies. On the death of his wife, he gives his shares in the London Auction Mart to his grandson, Harold Sydney Rogers; and his shares in the Gas Light and Coke Company and £6000 Two-and-a-Half per Cent Annuities, to his daughter, Mrs. Florence Mary Rogers. He devises his freehold property in Praed-street, upon trust, to pay £100 per annum to his sister, Mrs. Fanny Rogers, for life, and then to his grandson, Harold Sydney Rogers. The residue of his property he leaves to his said daughter absolutely.

The will (dated June 15, 1886) of Mr. Robert Taylor Heape, late of Highfield, Rochdale, Lancashire, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Dec. 8 by Benjamin Heape, Robert Taylor Heape, and Richard Heape, the sons, and Robert Welburn, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £31,000. The testator gives £50 each to his daughter, Sarah Heape, his daughters-in-law, Annie Heape and Jane Isabella Heape, and his sister-in-law, Lizzie Heape; £100 to Robert Welburn; and he specifically bequeaths all his household furniture, plate, pictures, &c. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to £6000, part thereof, to his daughter, Sarah Heape, and the remainder thereof between his sons, Samuel, Benjamin, Robert Taylor, and Richard, and his grandson, Robert Grundy Heape, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1887) of Miss Rebecca Gray, late of No. 27, Kensington-gardens-terrace, who died on Nov. 17, was proved on Dec. 4 by Spencer Perceval Butler, the nephew, Edith Oxenham, the niece, and Richard Melville Beachcroft, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testatrix bequeaths £4100 to her nephew,

Edward Gray; £1100 each to her nieces, Ellen Augusta Gray, Kythe Louise Gray, and Mrs. Florence Whyley; £520 to her sister, Mrs. Rachel Charlotte Oxenham; £300 to Edward Oxenham; £100 to Spencer Perceval Butler; £100 to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; and legacies to her relatives. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves as to one half thereof between Edward Gray, Ellen Augusta Gray, Constance Gray, Kythe Louise Gray, and Mrs. Florence Whyley; one quarter thereof to her nephew, Spencer Perceval Butler; and the remaining quarter to her sister, Mrs. Rachel Charlotte Oxenham.

Mr. Henry Bodkin Poland has been raised to the rank of Queen's Counsel.

The chairman of the Executive Committee of the South London Polytechnic Institutes has recently received the following donations:—Sir Edward C. Guinness, £1000 (being a second donation of that amount), Mr. Howard Morley, £500 (payable in five years), the Rev. G. F. Whidborne, £200; Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, £105; and Messrs. Peck and Frean, £100.

In the course of an address to the girls of Exeter High School, on Dec. 15, the Countess of Portsmouth referred to the spread of the High School system, and rejoiced that its flourishing condition was of value not merely to one class but to many grades of society, inasmuch as it gave a liberal and cultured education to the children of the residents of different social positions and varied fortunes. There might be errors, fallacies, and impracticable ideas among the executive of the system, but these were being rapidly removed, and great results were in store for them.

The extraordinary popularity of our spirited contemporary, *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, which circulates widely throughout the realm, has acted on its attractive Special Christmas Number, which is going off "like wildfire." No wonder. For fourpence the reader secures in this bright Christmas Number one of the most charming Coloured Prints of the season in "Come under the Mistletoe," several right pleasant pictures in black and white, and quite a budget of entertaining reading, provided by favourite authors for the Christmas Holidays; prominent among the original stories being a powerful dramatic romance of the South African Diamond Fields, "Diamonds led; Hearts are Trumps," by John Latey, junior; and Mr. George R. Sims's droll farcical tale of "Tinkletop's Crime." With its cheery Christmas pictures and photographs of the contributors into the bargain, this annual is one of the best to wile away a railway journey with.

M. Govi, an Italian savant, has presented a paper to the French Academy of Sciences, in which he claims for Galileo the distinction of having discovered the microscope as well as the telescope. He has found a book, printed in 1610, according to which Galileo had already directed his tube fitted with lenses to the observation of small near objects. The philosopher himself stated, shortly after this date, that he had been able to observe through a lens the movements of minute animals and their organs of sense. In a letter, written in 1614 to a Signor Tarde, he states that he has with his microscope "seen and observed flies as large as sheep, and how their bodies were covered with hairs, and they had sharp claws." The date usually assigned to the discovery of the microscope is 1621, and the invention is attributed to Cornelius Drebbel, a Dutchman; but according to M. Govi the date must be thrown back eleven years, and the credit of the first construction awarded to Galileo.

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MUSIC.

The tenth of the present series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace—and the last of the year—took place on Dec. 15, when Dr. C. Hubert Parry's oratorio, "Judith," was performed. Having spoken of the work in detail, on the occasion of its production at the Birmingham Festival last August, and having noticed its repetition at the Novello Oratorio Concert at St. James's Hall on Dec. 6, slight mention of its performance at the Crystal Palace will suffice. The principal solo vocalists on this occasion were Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. B. McGuckin, and Mr. Brereton. As before, the several groups of choruses, with their varied dramatic character, proved especially effective. Dr. Mackenzie conducted the performance.

The third concert of the present season of the Royal Choral Society (and last of the year) took place at the Royal Albert Hall, on Dec. 15, when Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend," was performed. The great and widespread popularity which the work has obtained since its first production at the Leeds Festival of 1886 sufficiently attests the value of the composition and the prevailing good taste which recognises it. It is needless again to expatiate on merits that are now so generally known. The principal solo vocalists on Dec. 15 were Mesdames Nordica and Belle Cole, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Henschel.

The last of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts of the year took place recently. The programme, which contained no novelty, included a repetition of the "Suite," from Herr Grieg's characteristic music to "Peer Gynt," previously given at Mr. Henschel's first concert of the series.

The second of Herr Waldemar Meyer's grand orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall included Dr. Mackenzie's violin concerto, that by Beethoven, and a movement from one by Spohr, in each of which the concert-giver displayed special executive merits. A new overture by Dr. Stanford was produced; it is entitled "Queen of the Seas," and is a piece of "programme-music," composed for the centenary of the

defeat of the Spanish Armada. It contains some very spirited and effective orchestral writing, a strong contrast being obtained by the incidental use of a solemn old English psalm-tune. Other features of the concert call for no specific mention. Dr. Stanford conducted, with the exception of Dr. Mackenzie's concerto, which was directed by the composer.

The Heckmann quartet party gave the second concert of their present series at Princes' Hall recently, their programme on this occasion having comprised string quartets by great masters, in which the admirable ensemble of the executants was notably displayed. A feature of the concert was the excellent rendering, by Madame Haas and Herr Bellmann, of Beethoven's Sonata, for piano and violoncello, in D (Op. 102).

Simultaneously with the Heckmann concert, the third of Madame Essipoff's pianoforte recitals took place at Steinway Hall. The programme was of varied interest, drawn from composers of the past and present periods. Her performance of Schumann's Fantasia in C, and shorter pieces by modern composers, formed a brilliant display of executive skill.

M. Falcke (from Paris) gave a pianoforte recital at Steinway Hall, on Dec. 14, when he displayed great technical skill in the execution of a series of pieces, especially of those of the modern brilliant school.

Effective concerts have recently been given by the Guildhall School of Music, the Royal College of Music, and the Hyde Park Academy of Music; in each case the progress of the students having been satisfactorily demonstrated.

The Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall are suspended for the usual Christmas interval; the Saturday afternoon performances associated with them being intermittent after the concert of Dec. 22. At the previous afternoon concert (on Dec. 15) Madame Néruda resumed her position as leading violinist after her recent indisposition. Miss Zimmermann was the pianist. At the last evening concert of the year—on Dec. 17—Brahms's charming "Gipsy-Songs" were repeated, and they were announced for repetition on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 22, again, with Madame Henschel, Miss Lina

Little, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Henschel as vocalists; Miss Fanny Davies being the pianist at both concerts.

The approach of Christmas and the preparations for the entertainments and amusements which prevail at that festive season, cause the usual temporary subsidence of musical activity. Some of the principal serial concerts (as mentioned above) are suspended for a more or less brief period. Of the arrangements for the early weeks of the new year we must speak hereafter.

The earliest important Christmas performance of "The Messiah" was that of the second Novello Oratorio Concert of the series, at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 18.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company will begin its annual season at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, on Dec. 31. The list of singers includes many well-known names, among them being those of Mesdames Georgina Burns and Julia Gaylord, Miss Fanny Moody, Mr. B. McGuckin, Mr. F. Celli, Mr. Leslie Crotty, besides several artists who will make their first appearance. The répertoire of the company now includes a large number of classical and popular operas, recent important additions being English versions of Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" and "L'Etoile du Nord," and Halévy's "La Juive." These, and Wagner's "Lohengrin," are among the approaching performances at Liverpool.

MARRIAGE.

On Dec. 1, at St. Philip's, Earl's-Court, S.W., James Robert, only child of Mrs. Mahlah Addyes Scott, of 6, Cambridge-gate, and Watlington Manor, and Norbury, Salop, and Great Barr, Ware, to Lizzie, daughter of the late Mrs. Maurice, Pension Müller, Bonn, Germany.

DEATHS.

On Dec. 2, at Ryhope Hall, in the county of Durham, John, the beloved husband of Eleanor Robs., aged 76.

On Nov. 16, at her residence, Rose Hill, Bowdon, Cheshire, Margaret Bower, eldest daughter of the late Major Bower, of High Grove, Chaddle, Cheshire, formerly of the Breck, near Liverpool.

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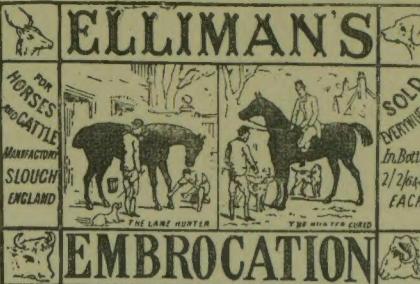
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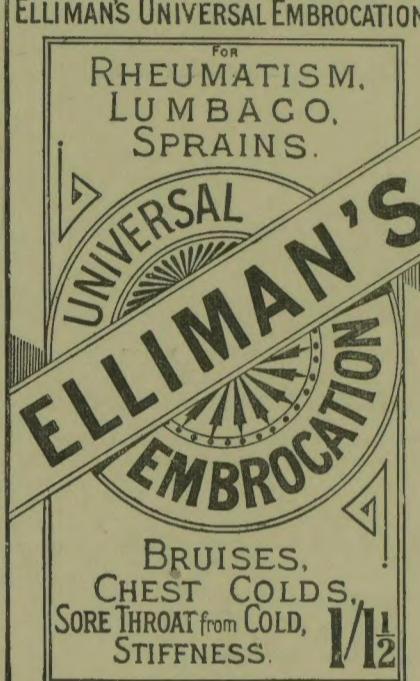
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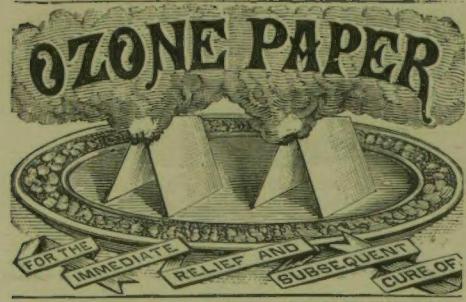
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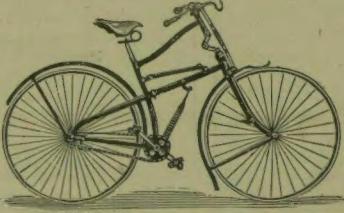
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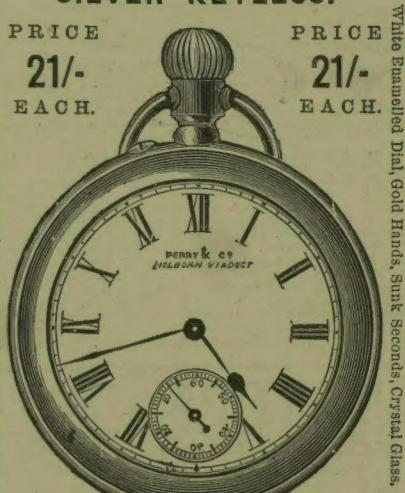
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